

Granville Stuart

*Diary & Sketchbook of a Journey to "America"
in 1866, & Return Trip up the
Missouri River to Fort Benton, Montana*

With an Introduction by Carl Schaefer Dentzel
Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop
1963

GRANVILLE STUART & *Diary & Sketchbook of a Journey*

Illustrated by Granville Stuart in 1871



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in 1866, & Return Trip up the
Missouri River to Fort Benton, Montana

Reprinted from the Virginia City Montana Post of January 1867

With an Introduction by Carl Schaefer Dentzel

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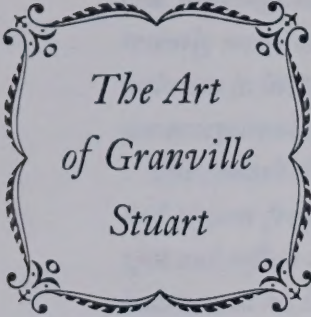


An unfinished
Sketch of Virginia
City, M. T.
September, 1865.

An unfinished Sketch of Virginia City, M. T.
Sept- 1865 -

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INTRODUCTION



The Art of Granville Stuart

WHEN THE FOUNDING FATHERS of Montana called their territory "The Treasure State" they thought only of the wealth of its rich earth. Those hardy pioneers who ventured into the western wilds for adventure found it. They developed all aspects of life in the surging territory. They shaped the destiny of Montana—the 41st state in the growing United States of America.

In terms of frontier history, what the Mexican War meant to California and the Southwest, the Civil War meant to Montana and the adjacent territories. Spurred by travelers, adventurers, traders and settlers, population in the Western United States began its amazing increase. Telegraph lines soon linked the nation, as did the iron rails which took the place of the old roads, moving people and their goods from the East to the West.

In the last half of 19th century America each decade moved ahead with greater acceleration. Places and people changed almost overnight. By the dawn of the 20th century a new way of American life had been established. Almost all the territories had become states.

The frontier had vanished, along with many of the problems relating to the aboriginal Americans—the Indians.

Granville Stuart was more than a Montana pioneer. In the fantastic historical phenomena of the American frontier he was an extraordinary phenomenon. Stuart was a Virginian, which, in the 19th century, meant that he was a special breed of man. His life and work place him among a fabulous few frontiersmen.

Stuart stood over six feet tall. His portrait reveals a finely formed head, a kindly and intellectual face. He was a student, a keen observer of nature and men. As an adventurer, miner, trader, storekeeper, cattleman, community leader, historian and diplomat he is without a peer. He was part and parcel of practically everything of importance that happened in Montana territory and adjacent lands from the year of his arrival as a youth in 1858 to his death in 1918. Although his broad experience embraces more time, his invaluable journals published under the title *Forty Years on the Frontier* reveal his exceptional abilities in a unique period of history. However, as with many outstanding men, not all of Stuart's talents were revealed or appreciated during his lifetime.

One of his greatest accomplishments—that of being a capable

artist—has heretofore been overlooked. His journals and other writings would have been infinitely more useful if some of his drawings and paintings had been utilized. It is entirely possible that until recently many of his better works were not available for study or inclusion in literary efforts dealing with Montana history. Yet they are exceptional artistic records of American frontier art.

His remarkable sketches deal with many aspects of the Indian and pioneer frontier. For the most part they have been done on the spot and reflect the artist's exuberance for life, his appreciation of history and his love of beauty. The magnificence of Montana's natural splendor, the fascination of Indian life and the picturesque beginnings of Western civilization were an inspiration to his pencil, pen and brushes.

Stuart, the artist, is interwoven in his many lives as adventurer, traveler, trader and storekeeper. As he moved from one occupation to another, his devotion to art and the creation of vivid sketches and paintings was consistently carried on. He sensed the changing ways of life and times where he lived and, with his drawings and paintings, captured what he found to be most interesting. Like their maker his work is lock, stock & barrel a fundamental part of the Western story.

The legend of the West has been developed by many artists, writers and photographers. Stuart undoubtedly utilized his sketches to refresh his memory when writing his reminiscences. His art speaks

eloquently of departed times, places and people. It is by no means photographic—it is art. Consequently, his work has a charm and atmosphere rare in the creations of the average American artist. His artistic views and notes tell a better tale than if he had used a camera.

Robert Taft, author of *Photography and the American Scene and Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850-1900*, points out in these two great contributions the importance of the artist and the photographer as interpreters of history. Although photography, still in its infancy, was available in the West in the 1860s, photographers did not begin their extraordinary work in the area Stuart depicts until some time later. The camera in the hands of an artist provided a dimension of interpretation of nature and life unique and apart from the painter. Yet many of the great photographers began as artists and painters. The photograph became the stereopticon print or slide which grew to be the greatest interpreter of all aspects of life and nature in the wonderland of the West. It also led to one of the great miracles of the 20th century—motion pictures.

Stuart's Western art of places, people and things is closely related in spirit to the art of Peter Rindesbacher, Karl Bodmer, Alfred Jacob Miller and Seth Eastman, all of whom were well trained, capable artists whose talents, training and experience in the field of art were greater than Stuart's but whose adventures, interest and experience on the frontier could hardly match his. Stuart was cer-

tainly aware of the creations of these artist adventurers who had preceded him. He and his friend and teacher, Peter Toftt, also knew the work of artistic military engineers stationed in various forts in Montana territory.

Alfred Edward Matthews, topographical artist, landscape and panorama painter, saw in Montana a fertile field for his endeavors after his artistic successes in Colorado. Like many Western artists before him, Matthews' pencil sketches were to ultimately serve in the creation of vast panoramas portraying the wonders of the West. In 1866 he produced *Pencil Sketches of Colorado*, and, after a short visit to Montana, *Pencil Sketches of Montana*—1868. In 1869 his *Gems of Rocky Mountain Scenery* appeared. Since he produced many lithographs of the Western scene from his headquarters at Denver, his work may also have influenced Stuart. Many of Stuart's Montana sketches were made prior to Matthews' visit to Montana and the publication of Matthews' *Pencil Sketches of Montana*. Stuart's work has a greater aesthetic appeal for much of Matthews', unfortunately, was done as commercial art.

The presence in Montana territory of Granville Stuart certainly was reassuring to Edgar S. Paxson and Charles M. Russell. He encouraged them both. Paxson and Russell became the leading artists in Montana, developing the various themes of frontier life in fine

drawings, watercolor and oil. To Stuart, who had begun his artistic work in his late twenties in the early 1860s, before Russell was born, it must have been most satisfying to have his articles on the State of Montana illustrated by its foremost artist, Charles M. Russell, in 1890, the year after Montana was admitted as a state.

Granville Stuart and Charles Russell have a great deal in common—the love of the West, of frontier life, of history and art. Each develops a greater appreciation for the other. The honesty, simplicity, charm and often elegance give stature to Stuart as an artist and real meaning to his work. It is a fitting forerunner of what Russell was to do and destined to become.

In the world today, when Americans are rediscovering their heritage, reviewing their history and reappraising their culture, a man like Granville Stuart deserves greater consideration. His work, like that of Russell, is not only one of the genuine treasures of the "Treasure State" but part of the real wealth in the rich pageant of America's past.

CARL SCHAEFER DENTZEL

Southwest Museum
Los Angeles, California
November 1962



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GRANVILLE STUART & *Diary & Sketchbook of a Journey*

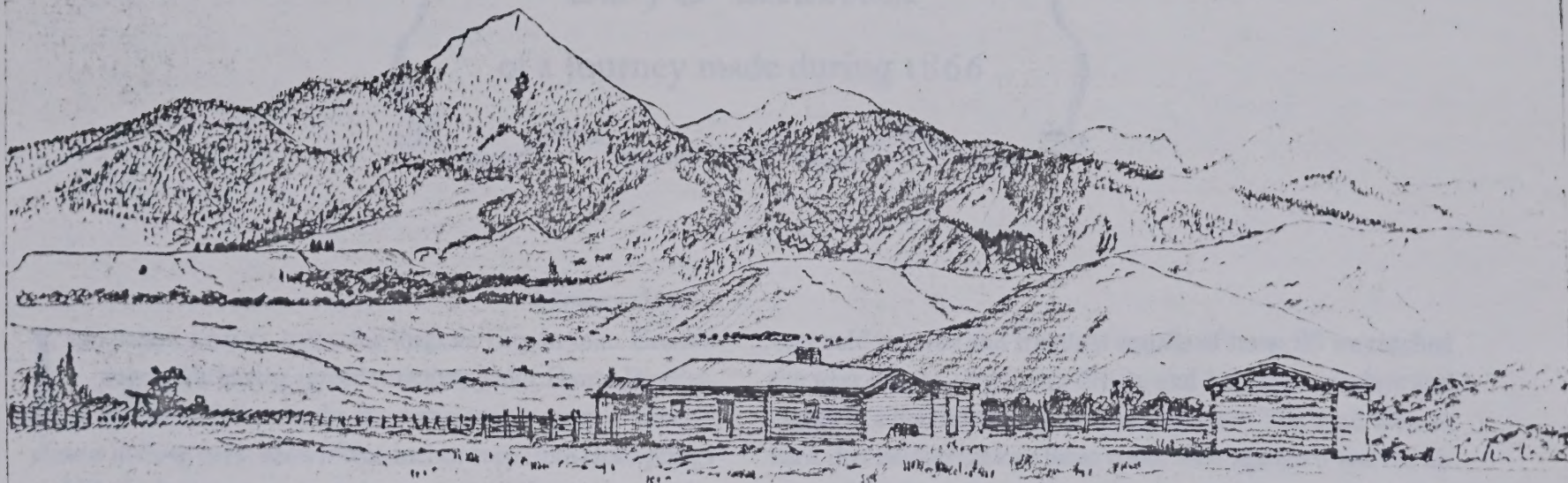


(G. Stuart)

View of the Gold Creek Mountains from Deer Lodge City

Looking West. August 33, 1885

1886



G. Stuart

A View of the Gold Creek Mountains, from Deer Lodge City.

Looking West. August 22,nd 1865.

N^o 6

GRANVILLE STUART

Diary & Sketchbook

of a Journey made during 1866

6 January 1866

LEFT DEER LODGE CITY for Virginia City in John Grant's wagon. He having agreed to deliver Judge Dance, Worden and myself there in the shortest possible space of time—done it in three days; snow fifteen inches deep from Hot Springs to Milot's, at the crossing, and very deep drifts on the divide, which, however, partially bore up the wagon, or we could not have crossed. Had lots of fun. Johnny is a "bully" man to travel with. Staid in Virginia city on "biz" till the 17th inst. and then left in a snow storm just before daybreak per Overland mail coach—

very cold weather and frequent squalls of snow, till we reached the west foot of Dry Creek divide, and here laid two days and nights in a horrible storm of wind and snow. The wind blew so hard that neither man or beast could walk against it and the air was so full of fine, driving snow that one could not see fifty yards, and it was piercing cold, besides. This is the storm that froze so many of the Sun River stampedeers, and appears to have been general all over the mountains. We were eight hours going six miles in Dry Creek canyon, with two teams and a sort of "gun-

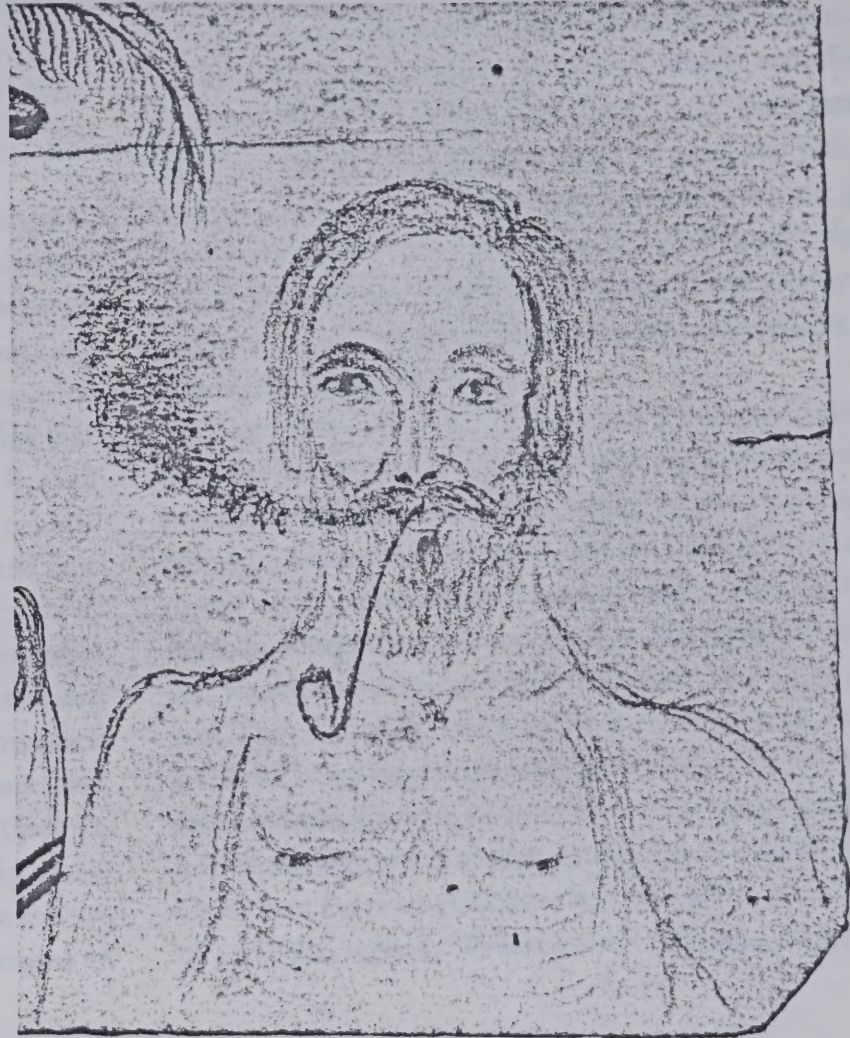
boat," made of few planks, on which we placed our baggage; snow twenty to thirty feet deep in the "sags" and ravines, with depth of four feet everywhere. Here is the first place I ever saw horses sit down on their "tother ends," like dogs, to rest, at every pause or about every five steps. The drivers said some of them soon learned it, while others preferred to stand up and pant. They evidently got their breath and strength much quicker by sitting down.

In Snake river valley there was a big thaw going on, and the country was covered with a slush of snow and water, every low place and ravine being full. From the crossing down to Blackfoot Butte it was perfectly awful, they having put us into a sixty-hundred freight wagon, with four little rats of mules to draw it, and as a natural consequence they "stalled" in every low place or hollow, and we were compelled to get out in snow and water up to our hips and dig the "outfit" out. I verily thought my feet and legs would freeze—but they didn't. At Blackfoot crossing station, I thought the chance of much dinner was rather slim, as there was only a 7 by 9 cabin, in which dwelt a woman and I don't know how many children. I tried to count them several times, but they kept moving about so that I couldn't; to my amazement, however, she got up an excellent dinner, to which we done such justice that the mules "stalled" again with us

before we got fifty yards from the house. From there the snow gradually decreased, till at Ross' Fork there was none, and so on, to Portneuf river, where we took a sleigh; but the snow having lately all melted off, we had to walk right or ten miles up the canyon, while the horses could hardly drag the sleigh and baggage. In fact, everything goes by contraries on the Overland; the climate changes so rapidly that where the sleds and sleighs are, there is no snow, and where the snow is, there you have to ride in coaches, steamboat wagons, carts, and anything else that's convenient—generally without seats, compelling you to sit on the mail and your baggage. About the time that, being utterly exhausted and worn out, (it being generally impossible to sleep unless you are in this condition) you fall into a doze and begin to dream that you are being torn in pieces by a band of wolves, or are stretched on the rack in inquisitorial halls—just about this time, the wagon gives a terrific jolt; your uncomfortable seat flies from under you and you come down *souse*, the side of the wagon-bed striking you under the chin, or give you a plunge and strike your unfortunate "vis-a-vis" a telling blow in the stomach with your head. Then are heard curses both "loud and deep" against the Overland. If the earnestness and deep sincerity with which maledictions are uttered could insure their taking effect, I would not stand in Ben. Holladay's shoes for *two* mail contracts.

From Portneuf canyon to Salt Lake City the snow was deep, and the fog from Malade creek on was very dense. At Bear river the agent put two more passengers into the sleigh, which was already inconveniently full. The Judge had a notion to "chaw him up," and he deserved it. Were eleven days and nights on the road from Virginia city to Great Salt Lake city; suffered much from inclement weather and crowded vehicles; two feet of snow all over the Salt Lake country, and a very dense fog which had then been hanging over the country for two weeks, and did not once lift while we were there, so that Worden did not get to see the lake or valley. Staid in the city from eleven o'clock on Saturday night, January 27th, till Tuesday evening, January 30th, before we could get tickets on the Overland mail coach for Atchison. Stopped at the Salt Lake House; saw many Montana folks in the city. I invested my "fifteen cents" principally in apples; wanted to see the theatre, but there was no performance while I staid, although Julia Dean Hayne played the very night I left—just my luck.

Left at 7 o'clock p. m. January 30th; snow entirely bottomless to Bridger, but the road was well broken and we made good time. At Bridger they put our baggage on a sort of hack, with no top to it, filling it completely full—no seats, and six passengers and



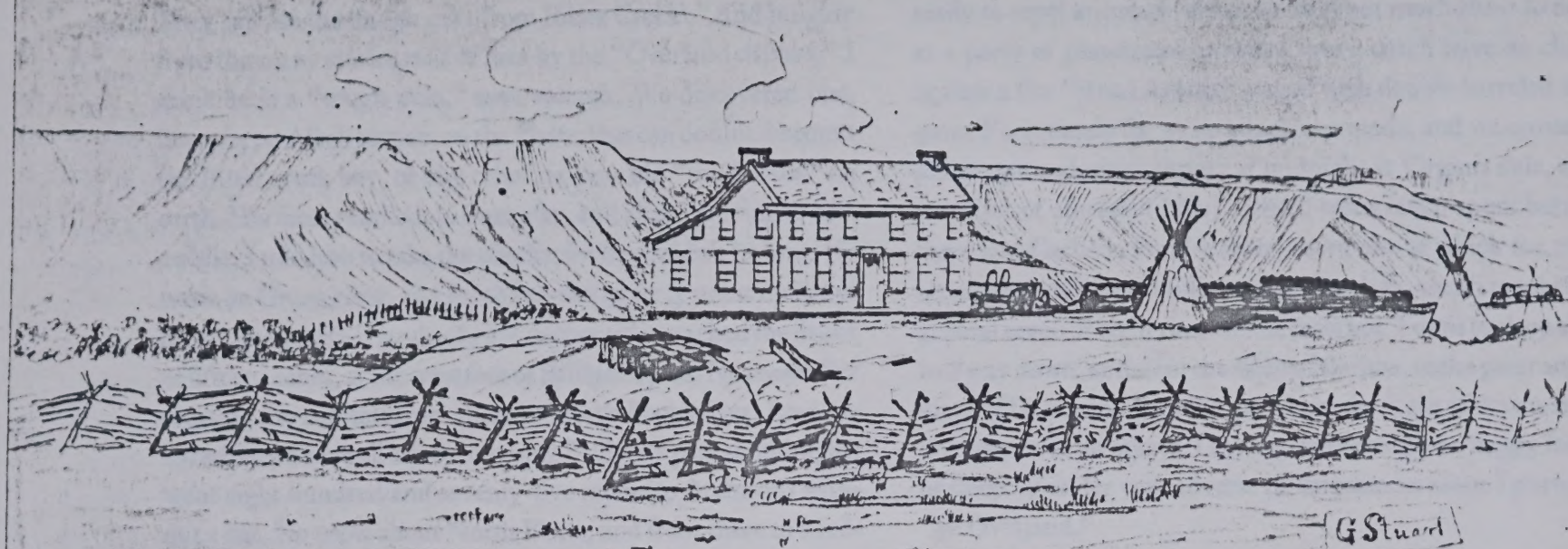
John Grant (?)
Collection of
Carl S. Dentzel

the driver—had to lock hands and hang across the load saddle-bag fashion—bitter cold, and in the night—went that way to beyond Ham's Fork, ten miles, where we captured a sled without seats, and a streak of snow that lasted to Green river, where we got a square meal.

Here we took a common two-horse wagon without seats, and started up Bitter creek. The memory of this night's ride haunts me yet, like a horrible dream—it was a complete realization of Artemas Ward's description of Horace Greeley's ride from Carson to Placerville. We were very tired, sore and half dead for sleep when we started, and the road seemed to cross during that night full a million gullies running into Bitter Creek, besides many pitches and slopes, all plentifully garnished with cobblestones. The driver remarked at starting, that he was behind time and must drive fast; cracked his whip and off we went; whew! Drive fast was no name for it; in vain we told him we were not in a hurry, and begged him to drive slower, as we were so sore and tired that the jolting nearly killed us. Says he, "Boys this coach is late, and I'm bound to put you through on time if something don't break" (comforting thought). And he did put us through, as our aching bones attested for days afterwards. Yip, yip, crack, crack, into a gully, the fire flying in streams from the cobblestones, and we flying about four feet into the air and hanging on

to one another and the wagon bed to keep from bouncing out. Up the bank, across a rocky ridge, around a rocky point at a killing lick, the wagon making the turn on two wheels, and affording us a magnificent view of the ice in Bitter Creek, some forty feet below us—down a long slope at an awful pace, and into a pile of rocks at the bottom of it; another flight into the air; groans from some unfortunate "cuss" who had got butted "where he lived," and a fervent, heartfelt, ejaculation from another in regard to the future welfare of Ben. Holladay, and you have a faint idea of that woeful night.

The general appearance of the country also would give anybody the horrors. Barren, desolate table lands, without a single tree or any willows worthy of the name, and the closest scrutiny failing to detect a blade of grass, and the water is the worst feature of all; it consists of equal parts of water, epsom salts, washing soda, concentrated lye and sulphur. I made one drink do me, and would have dispensed with that had I known how nasty it was. The cause of the bad water is, that the country is one vast coal field. Huge ledges eight and ten feet thick crop out at a little distance from the road, as I was told. I saw many specimens of it at the stations, and it was apparently of good quality. On Bitter Creek lives the precocious little boy, who being asked his name by a traveler, replied: "What! haven't you heard my name yet?"



Residence of
John Grant,
near Deer Lodge
City, M. T.
6 August 1865.
Looking Northwest.

Residence of John Grant, near Deer Lodge City, M. T. August 6, 1865. Looking Northwest.

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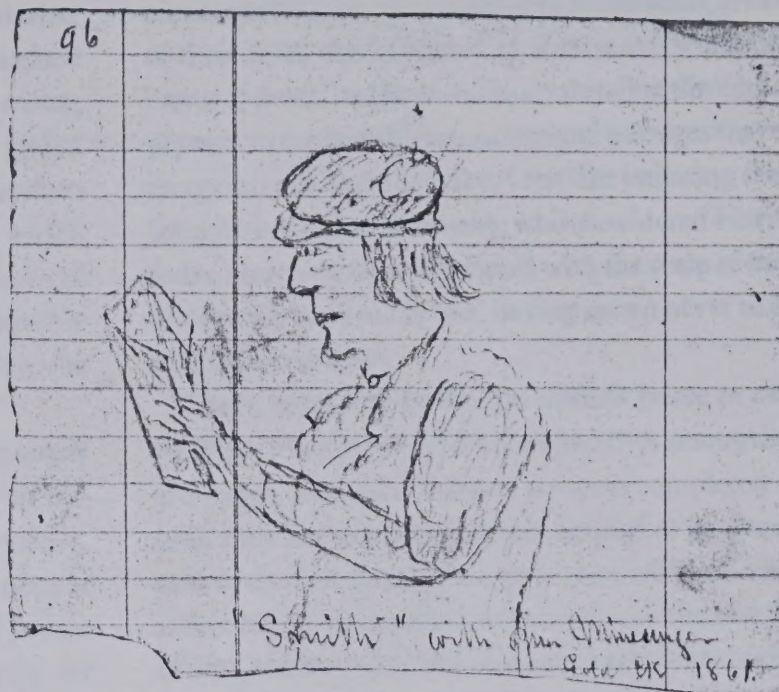
They call me the 'tough cuss from Bitter Creek'." And judging from the many stories told of him by the "Overland drivers," I think he is a "tough cuss," sure enough. We discovered one, however, at Alkali station, on the Platte, that can double discount the Bitter creek boy, or any other six year old "tough cuss" on earth. His fame reached us from afar, and after listening to him awhile, I told him to take the checks, for he couldn't be beat. No snow on Green river, and for thirty-five or forty miles up Bitter creek; from there it gradually got deeper till it reached the depth of fifteen inches, at the west foot of Bridger's pass. No snow after crossing the summit from there to North Platte river. Lost my hat while we were all asleep, crossing Bridger's pass at midnight; went eight hundred and seventy-five miles (to Atchison) without a hat. No snow about North Platte, and from there to Medicine Bow river there was but little; the weather rather pleasant; caught a terrible wind and snow storm between Medicine Bow and Laramie plains; next day found a man frozen to death on Laramie plains, teamster from Fort Halleck; poor fellow; got a square meal at Big Laramie river, and had a pretty girl waiting on the table besides, all for two dollars. No snow of consequence between Big and Little Laramie, and in the region round about. Crossed the Black Hills at night; very little snow; saw a light in the distance ahead; thoughts of "Road Agents"; got our arms

ready to repel an attack, altho' there is not much show to do so, as a party of passengers crowded into a coach have no chance against a few "Road Agents" armed with double barreled shot-guns. Fortunately for us no attack was made, and we crossed in safety; got a glorious supper at midnight at Virginia dale, at the east foot of aforesaid hills; crossed some steep spurs between there and Cache la Poudre river, down one of which the mules ran about two miles at full speed, in the dark; coach touched the ground seven or eight times in the distance. I went to sleep about half way down, and slept the sleep of the just, to the great amazement of Dance and Worden, on whom the flight of the mules did not operate as an opiate. I am beginning to have a happy faculty of sleeping under very adverse circumstances since I started on "ye Overland."

Early in the morning reached the Cache la Poudre and got a good breakfast in the smallest house I ever saw hold a table and eight people; beautiful stream, beautiful valley and glorious weather—regular Indian summer; makes a man feel glad that he's alive. The country along here reminds me somewhat of Deer Lodge valley from Race Track creek to Lost creek, only there are mountains on but one side; the illimitable plains reaching off on the other like the ocean. Country dry and dusty, and

covered with a sea of yellow grass; no snow except far up the sides of the mountains.

On, past big and little Thompson creeks, which are lovely beyond all description and are sparsely settled with "ye pioneers." At Little Thompson I saw Mariano, the Mexican, pass in an "avalanche," driving a fine team and putting on more style than anybody; thought of Henry's Fork of Green river in 1858, and didn't weep. On, through the loveliest sunset and twilight to Denver city, Colorado, which we reached at one o'clock in the morning. We immediately chartered beds, and slept at the rate of two weeks per hour till six o'clock, when we got up and went into the dining-room of the Planters' House, laboring under the delusion that we were going to have some breakfast, which delusion was effectually dispelled when we tried to drink the swill that they called coffee. Why, an old coffee pot thrown into Platte river would make better coffee than that for five miles below; and such "gay old grub," too, as they set before us. A man who could have eaten that breakfast, would grow fat on old "parfleches." This, as you may suppose, put us into a very good humor, which was considerably heightened by the gay and festive officials of "ye Overland," who insisted on putting a man with his wife and child into our already over-crowded coach. (Grand tableaux—many pious ejaculations ascending, in which I dis-



Sketch of
"Smith"

tinguished the name of Ben Holladay quite frequently.) All squeezed in, however, and bid adieu to Denver. I cast longing looks back on the huge old Rocky Mountains, with Long's Peak towering above its fellows, to the west, while off to the southwest Pike's Peak loomed up, white and cold-looking in the clear, morning air. When I turned my gaze down the river upon the vast level plains that reached to the horizon, I felt like I was put-

ting out to sea in an open boat. Those grand old mountains! what a feeling of sadness entered my soul as day by day I watched them recede from view, till at last they sank beneath the horizon, leaving the world a level blank to me; while on the left glided that strangest of all rivers, the Platte; without a tree or bush to mark its course across this level bed of an ancient ocean, which would be much better if it still had about a hundred fathoms of water upon it, so that one could navigate it more comfortably than in one of Ben Holladay's "intended-to-hold-six-but-the-agents-generally-make-them-carry-fifteen," coaches.

Down the interminable Platte bottoms, crossing alternate streaks of snow and dry ground that mark the course of the furious winter storms that howl across these wastes; passing daily, hourly, the saddest of all commentaries on the Indian policy of our government, in the blackened and charred ruins of houses and fences, with their accompanying cluster of graves by the roadside, where rests all that is mortal of those brave men, women and children who, putting faith in those often-repeated and never sufficiently-to-be-execrated treaties made by a crew of agents (appointed by an imbecile government) from some New England town, and who know considerably less of the real nature and disposition of Indians than a Chinaman—trusting to these farces of treaties by which a few men make fortunes, those brave

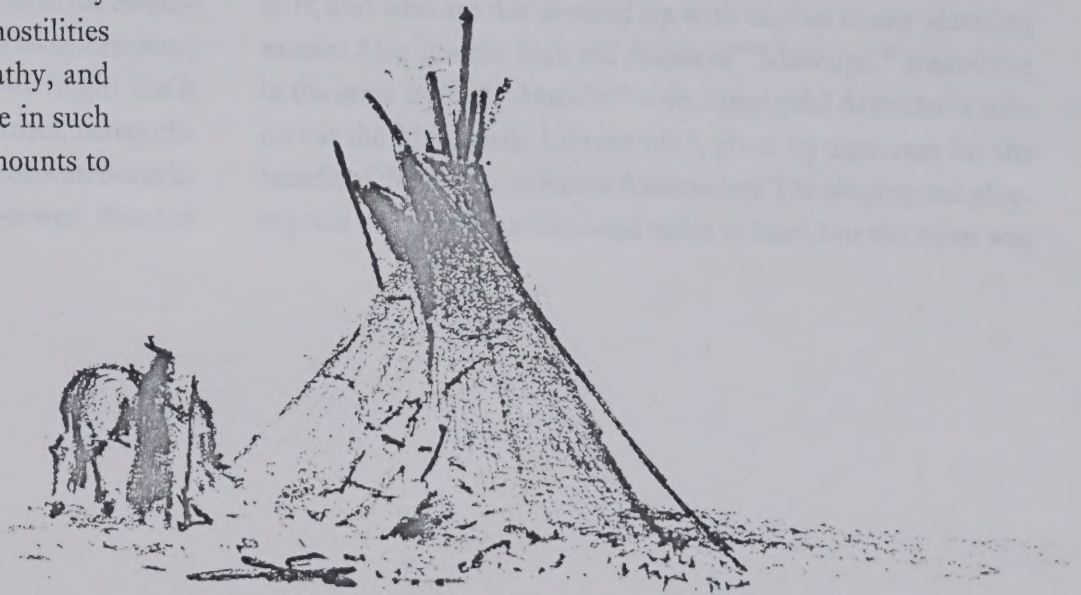
pioneers who form the vanguard of civilization, are swindled out of their lives. As I listened at almost every station along this "river of death" to the narrations extending through a long series of years, of the horrible massacres and outrages that cry to Heaven against our Indian policy, I felt like imitating the example of John Moredock of Kentucky, who shouldered his rifle and went forth, returning years afterward with the scalp of the last Indian of a certain band at his belt, having sworn never to quit his pursuit while one lived.

There never will be any permanent peace or any safety for small traveling parties and isolated settlers among the great western tribes, until their military power is completely broken, and until they fear our Government instead of laughing it to scorn as they do now. Every attempt to treat with an Indian before he is thoroughly vanquished, only convinces him that you are afraid of him, and he makes treaties so as to get plenty of supplies in the shape of annuities and presents; laughing in his sleeve meanwhile at your folly, and inwardly determining that he will make you repeat the process over and over again. There is also a great deal said and written at Washington and elsewhere in the East to the effect that the whites must be guilty of great wrongs and outrages against the Indians to provoke them to these hostilities, and a few exceptional instances (worse than which are com-

mitted every week all over the oldest States in the Union), are picked out and cited as proof that such is the case. Now this is a base slander on the Western people, than whom, as a class, there does not exist a more generous, open hearted, or fair dealing people. The true state of the case is this: As the settlers push their way into the western wilds under the express sanction of our Government, they necessarily encroach upon and ultimately destroy the hunting grounds of the Indians, who become with justice angry and discontented thereat, and the merest trifle is often sufficient to fan their wrath to open war. And yet when this happens, the Government, whose plain and positive duty it is to subjugate these roving tribes, (a thing that no one can deny must happen in some manner), and providing them some other means of subsistence than the chase, which certainly will not be sufficient for their wants much longer. Yet instead of doing this, and assisting to develop the almost fabulous wealth of our Western Territories that are even now pouring vast sums into the coffers of the Government, it stands idly by and accuses those hardy pioneers of wantonly provoking the noble Indian to hostilities for mercenary purposes, and denies them its sympathy, and very nearly its aid also; for what little is given is done in such a temporary, vacillating manner that it practically amounts to nothing.

There is another crying evil that needs abating; it lies in the fact that all the public functionaries that are appointed by the United States for the Territories, invariably come from the Eastern States, and are of course totally ignorant of the wants, peculiarities and resources of both the country and people over whom they are placed. This is owing to the great preponderance of representation and influence in Congress by the New England States, which enables them to appoint all their favorites and protégés to these positions, and just about the time they begin to know a little about these things the administration changes and they are removed to give room for some favorite of the new party in power.

Now it is plain that these positions should be filled by men who are not exactly "native, and to the manner born," but who have resided many years in the region over which they are to preside; men who possess a thorough knowledge of its resources, capabilities and wants, and who are prepared and capable of ad-



vancing the interests of the people and country, and forcing the attention of Congress to these things. While these Eastern appointees have no interest here, their hearts are East, where most of them leave their families, and all they care for is to draw their salaries and do as little as possible.

Down past Ft. Kearney, that sinecure of "ye boys in blue," over a rolling, sparsely-timbered country, to Atchison, Kansas, where I again looked on the Missouri river, after fourteen years absence. I saw the cars for the first time; yet there seemed nothing strange or surprising about them to me, owing probably to my being so familiar with them in newspapers, books and pictorials.

Got on the North Missouri railroad and started for St. Louis via St. Joe. Went to sleep as soon as we started, and kept my "lick" up pretty well all the way to St. Louis, where we arrived in twenty-four hours. First put up at the Planters' House, but Sam Hauser captured us next morning and took us to the Southern Hotel, which is the finest institution of the kind in America; where we lived "like fighting-cocks," and well we might, for it cost \$4.50 per day. Infernal cold weather; the most, damp climate came near chilling me to death. Inspected the water-works engine and sugar refinery; ascended the shot-tower, Worden

weakening when half way up. When I leaned over the parapet and looked down I felt as if somebody had hold of my legs and was trying to pitch me over. Ascended to the cupola of the courthouse, still higher than the shot-tower; magnificent view, but couldn't see the limits of the town for smoke. Was taken around and introduced to all "ye mighty merchants" of the city; felt about as much at home among them as a fish out of water. Went to DeBar's opera-house and heard Edwin Forrest play "Richelieu" and "King Lear," the latter being the first one of Shakespeare's plays I ever saw; didn't like Forrest's blood-and-thunder acting; he tears a passion all to tatters. I saw the Irwins play "Richelieu" at St. Joe on my way up the river, and I think their rendering of the character far superior to that of Forrest's. Saw Eddy play "Hamlet"; it did not equal my expectations. Went to the Varieties and saw the magnificent play of "Aladdin and his wonderful Lamp"; got "struck" after it, principally on account of the vast number of gay and festive "gals" who appear in it, and who are not covered up with clothes to any alarming extent. Also saw the high old drama of "Mazeppa," something in the same style of "Aladdin"—oh, those gals! Attended a concert at the Mercantile Library Hall, given by amateurs for the benefit of the Southern Relief Association. The singing and playing was worth going a thousand miles to hear, but the room was

so hot that I nearly roasted. Rode in the incessant, ubiquitous horse-cars, but generally preferred to walk, rambling around in search of books, pictures, etc. Often wandered down to the levee and gazed upon the mighty array of steamboats there assembled, and across the river to East St. Louis, where the ever-moving trains of cars, whose bells and whistles combined with those of the steamboats, and the jarring, thundering roar of a thousand drays, that kept me eternally rushing about to keep from being run over—all made an unearthly din that must be heard to be properly appreciated. “Aladdin and his wonderful lamp” was not more astonishing to me than all these strange sights and sounds.

Finally, on the 20th of February, got on the cars and struck for home via Alton, Joliet, La Salle and Rock Island. Passed some very pretty little “burgs,” but the frozen ground had generally about four inches of water on it, and looked as though a man would need snow-shoes when it thawed out to walk on top of the mud. The country was crossed by alternate strips of snow and bare ground fifteen to twenty miles wide, marking the width and course of the winter storms in these regions. In vain did my weary gaze seek a background to the view, in the shape of mountains or lofty ridges; vast, level and almost treeless wastes met my view on every side, reminding me of the description I have

read of the steppes of Asia. From the vast number of wind-mills I saw at Joliet, La Salle and along the route. I concluded that most of the inhabitants were millers; and judging from the way it blew as I passed, I don’t think they ever stop for want of power. Had Don Quixote passed through here and undertaken to fight every windmill he met, he would have got worse used up than he did in Spain.

The penitentiary at Joliet took my fancy most prodigiously, and I felt as though I’d like to buy it and set it up in “biz,” “à la grand seigneur,” in a gay chateau of my own. No doubt some of the festive occupants would have liked to change places with me, but I hadn’t time; train wouldn’t wait.

I experienced a curious sensation in passing through the covered bridges. The sudden darkness and shock of sound caused a sudden feeling as though I had received a blow in the face; and while crossing the bridge over the Mississippi at Rock Island, I looked out and speculated on the probable depth of water and the slim chance of ever getting out if the concern should happen to break down. Took an observation of the splendid armory that Uncle Sam is building on Rock Island as I passed, and wished with a sigh that I only had half the money it will cost.

Landed in Davenport at dark, and as no trains went west till morning, put up at the Burtis House, which is a very weak imi-

tation of the Lindell and Southern, but is nevertheless a very fair hotel for a city of the size of Davenport. There is quite a number of fine residences perched on the hillsides around the city that look as though they would be pretty good to live in; and I saw a maid or two look out of the windows and smile like a horse eating thistles, upon which I incontinently took to flight, and getting on the train, departed toward Wilton Junction; didn't see anybody or anything that I knew there. At Moscow, however, I recognized one old tumble-down house, and the high river-bank which looked as they did in my boyhood—all else was strange.

Then along through old familiar scenes to the village of West Liberty, where I got off and put up at a tavern, and commenced inquiring cautiously after my "tillicums," as ye gay and festive Chinook demonstrates his relations. Found nobody at home; hunted them all up, however, and great was the rejoicing. I found when I got a little acquainted, that the old neighbors had speculated considerably as to who I was. The general impression was that I was a preacher of some kind. But uncle B——, when I called on him, was impressed with the idea that I was a peddler of Osage orange seed. Such fun as it was to me; I wore a solemn countenance that did not betray what I thought or felt. The country seemed a great deal smaller than when I left it, owing

probably to my being a boy then, and its being settled up quite thickly since. I was forcibly struck by the miserable timber; it seemed like low scrubby brush to me, after living so many years among the dear old pines.

All joys, however, must have an end, so after a month's sojourn at home I got on the cars and sadly bid adieu to friends and country once more. I was accompanied by my brother Samuel, who happening to be a First Lieutenant in the volunteers, accompanied me as far as St. Louis, on his way to Bowling Green, Kentucky, where his regiment was stationed at that time.

We went to Chicago, and took our "hash" at either the Sherman House or the Tremont, I forget which, after which we ascended to the cupola of the court-house, from whence we had a fine view of the city and lake; this last being the first body of water I ever saw that I could not see across. It seems to me that I was looking up hill, when I gazed out on the lake, but I presume that it was a slight delusion of mine. The suburbs of the city seemed to me to consist principally of railroads which were considerably mixed up with the Chicago river and canal; in fact, I found some of them in front of me at every turn. Off at last, down or up the line of the canal, I don't know which, passed the locks and numerous canal boats, which looked just as they do in

pictures, so that I had no difficulty in recognizing them; would like to stop and examine them at my leisure, but the inexorable cars, like time and tide, "wait for no man." Crossed some creeks on high bridges, and enjoyed the sensation of flying through the air as I looked down on the tree tops and couldn't see anything that held us up. Down past Bloomington, Springfield and many other pleasant looking villages, which, however, have the drawback of being situated in I don't know how many fathoms of mud, but I suppose it must dry out sometime, as I saw several wagons and other conveyances that are generally used on dry land. I also saw some of those base deceptions that are practiced on cattle and other "varmints," commonly known as wire fences which don't look like a fence at all, until the unfortunate beast runs against it and barks his shins.

I confess that I rather thought "Boz" "stretched" the matter a little in his "American notes," about the Americans eating, or rather bolting their "grub" without the formality of chewing it. But I take it all back now, for my railroad experience convinced me that far from being severe on them, he gave a very mild description of their disgusting voracity, which resembles that of a lot of half-starved hogs more than human beings, at one station in particular, when the conductor proclaimed "Twenty minutes for supper." I thought of the old lady, who, speaking of a female

friend that had eat up all her "currant berries" and "currant berry bushes," and the very ground they grewed on," remarked: "You had oughter seen that critter eat." Eat didn't express it; they just slung it by handfuls down their open mouths and throats—nary a chaw there my boy, time was too precious.

I was so busy gazing at this sleight of hand performance, (though doubtless the owner of the viands would call it real) that I came near losing my supper altogether, but was somewhat consoled by this sublime exhibition of the abuses that the human stomach is capable of enduring without sudden death ensuing.

Finally landed in St. Louis at 11 o'clock on the 27th of March, and put up at the gay and festive "Southern." Sam left for Kentucky on the 20th. Worden left for Montana, via "ye mightie overland," on the 3d of April. The "judge" left by overland on the 7th. I was "left alone in my glory," and for a mortal week I enjoyed that very peculiar sensation of "feeling alone, tho' in a crowd." I put in the time in searching for rare books and in viewing the paintings and pictures on exhibition at Pettes & Leathes, and in making myself ridiculous generally by gazing at the show windows as

*I wandered up and down,
The lonesomest man by all odds in that town!*

The last line is a little too long, but then poetry never was my "forte." I am beginning to think that nature made a slight mistake in giving me a very great taste for, and appreciation of, the beautiful in nature and art, without the means to gratify it. But on the other hand I am not sure but that I enjoyed the many curious and valuable things that I have seen on this trip to "America" quite as much as though they had belonged to me.

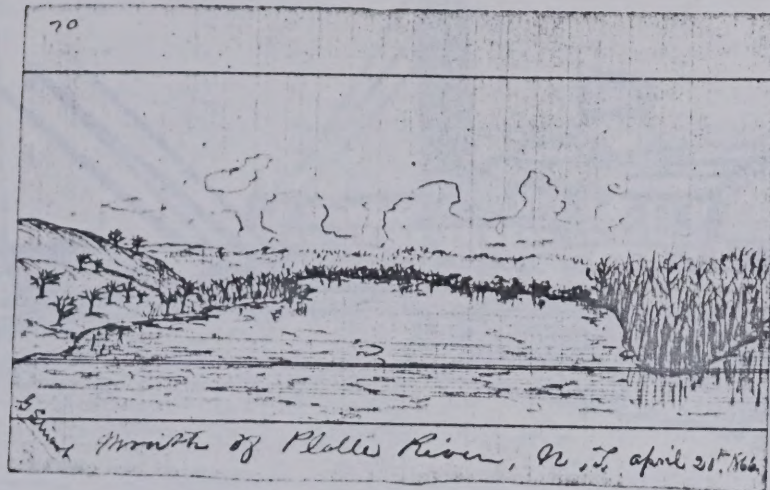
At last, however, the splendid boat *Walter B. Dance* was completed and loaded, and at 7 o'clock p.m., April 14th, we started up the longest, crookedest, muddiest, coldest, and most mon-

otonous river in the world. "Once more upon the waters; yet once more; and the waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider"—only they don't. I was glad to get away from St. Louis; not, however, because of any lack of courtesy among its (so far as my experience extended), very obliging citizens, but because I was weary of a city life, which soon becomes distasteful to me unless I have some occupation.

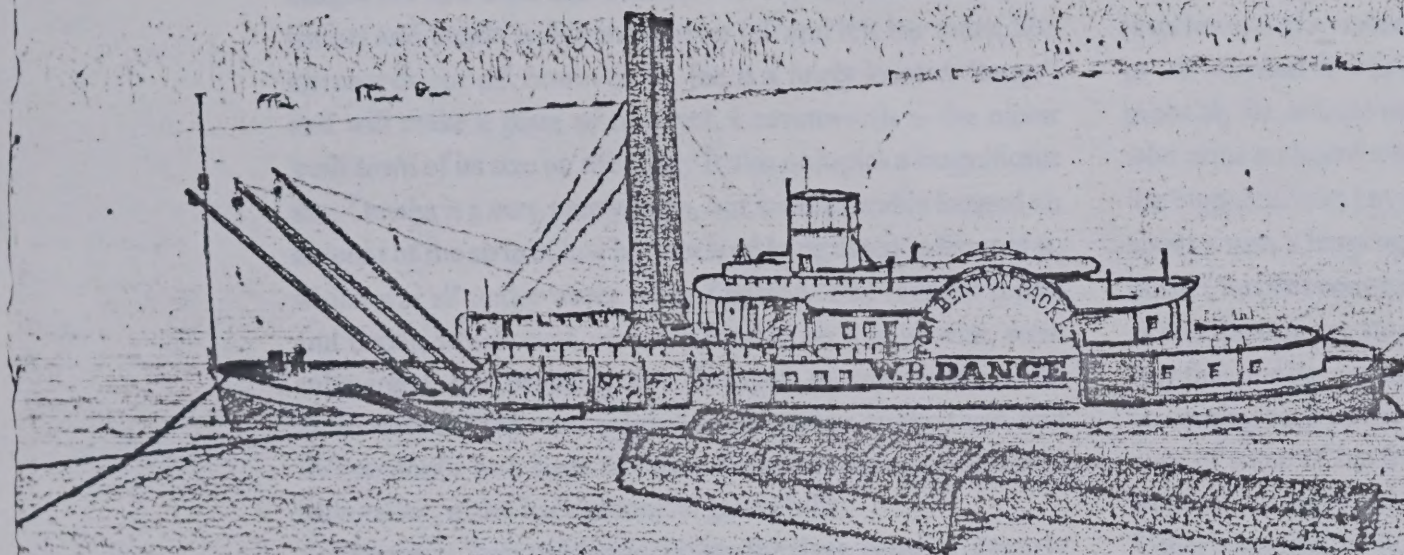
We made good time up the river without any incident worth mentioning. Passed the battleground of Booneville, where I tried in vain to discover any resemblance in the surroundings to that sketch of the fight that appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, at the time. "Ye artist" however, probably viewed the scrimmage through a bottle, like most of Orpheus C. Kerr's heroes, which is liable to make a difference.

Passed many magnificent farms lying along the river, some of which were caving into the stream very fast. How it must make the owners "cuss" to see their valuable property slipping through their fingers in this manner. Saw some lovely villas at, or rather near, Brunswick, which derived much of their beauty from the flowering shrubs and green grass plats surrounding them. The woods along the river abound in a sort of dwarf tree called "red bud," which has the peculiarity of coming in flower before it leaves out; and at this time they are one mass of red and purple

Mouth of Platte River,
N. T. April 21, 1866.



Lying 12 miles above
Nebraska City, N. T.
April 26th 1866.
Looking east, Iowa...
in the distance.



Lying 12 miles above Nebraska City, N. T. April 26th 1866.

Looking east

flowers, which form a beautiful contrast to the green slopes and hill sides, and the delicate green of the young leaves that are just budding out on the trees and shrubs. There are also some very high picturesque rocky bluffs along the river, that almost approach to the dignity of mountains.

Met a big rise that flooded all the country along the river from Leavenworth to sixty miles above Omaha. Just above the last named city we passed the stern-wheeler *Sunset*. The current had caught her in a bend and washed her over the bank among the timber and brush, and then the river fell and left her there. She afterwards got off, however. St. Joe is a finely located "burg," and will make a place of note yet. Leavenworth is the nicest built town of its size on the river. It also occupies a magnificent site. Omaha is a very pretty town, but is unfavorably located on account of the strip of low bottom land lying along in front of it, which was all under water when I passed. The railroad tracks and depot, which were unwisely located on this bottom, were submerged, but probably not damaged to any great extent. Sioux City has the most magnificent situation on the river, and will no doubt be a large city *dans l'avenir*, it lies in a beautiful little valley, with a back ground of grassy hills.

The entire State of Missouri along the river, consists of nearly horizontal strata of *calcareous* limestone, covered with a very

thin stratum of clay and soil. The river bottoms, however, where not too sandy, have a good depth of rich soil.

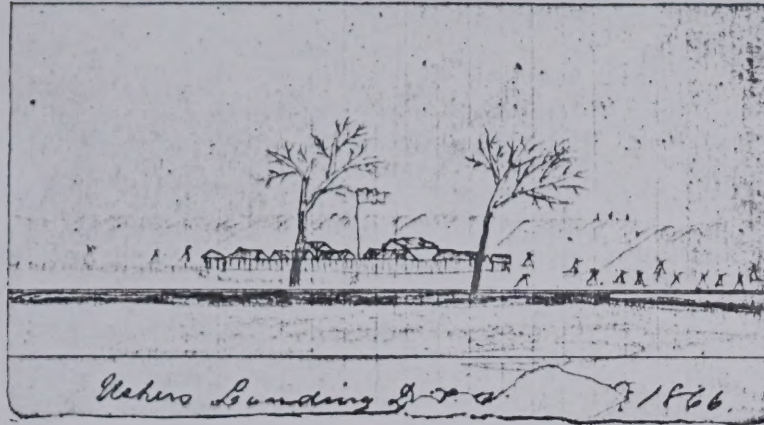
This is also the case in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and the southern part of Dacotah. The banks and bluffs are of these shelly limestone stratas from St. Louis to just about Fort Randall, Dacotah; from there it gradually changes to a dark, jointed, "bad land" clay, still, however, preserving the level lines of stratification that the limestone had before it, showing conclusively that they were both deposited at the same period in the level bottom of a vast ocean. I am not, however, geologist enough to tell whether it was salt or fresh—a fact, however, that will probably be of little importance to that surprising young man who came on board while we were wooding, and took a series of the biggest drinks I ever saw. I was up to this point incredulous about a man's heaping up whisky in a glass, like corn in a half bushel, but this young man had a happy faculty of doing it. Short as was the time we stopped, I noticed when he got on the gangway that one leg was bound to go ashore while the other insisted on coming back on the boat after another drink. With the assistance of some of his friends however, he at last got off and we went on our way rejoicing. * * * * * This region (near Usher's landing, or Fort Thompson), reminds me somewhat of the bad lands about Fort Bridger and Henry's Fork, U. T., and

Floyds Bluffs, Iowa,
May 3rd 1866. Looking
up the River from
Steamboat Walter B.
Dance (near Sioux City)



Floyds Bluffs, Iowa. May 3rd 1866. looking up the River
from Steamboat Walter B. Dance (near Sioux City)

*Usher's Landing, D. T.
May 9, 1866.*



about Ham's Fork, except that the cedars only grow in ravines, where they sometimes form thick clumps.

MAY 9TH. Passed Crow creek, or Usher's landing, which is a stockade fort of considerable size, on the north bank of the river. Some little fencing about it, and I presume there are soldiers and an agency here, as there are probably eighty lodges of Sioux camped around the fort, making another sweet-scented treaty, I suppose. We did not land. Just above the fort the river makes a huge bend to the northeast and back, it being some thirty or forty miles around, and only seven across.

Five of our young sports landed to hunt across the neck, al-

though there is not a track of anything in this country, the only game we have seen bigger than a goose being two white-tailed deer, a short distance below Fort Randall, and four antelope some twenty miles above there, and they were beyond cannon shot.

Laid up for the night on an island at the point of the bend to cut dry wood, etc. No sign of game on the island. Passed very many wood yards (which have been scarce for some days), to-day, generally kept by Frenchmen, and all of them have squaws, and half-breed children, and lots of brothers-in-law. We have lately passed a good many small Indian wood yards; those noble creatures making the squaws cut and pack it on their backs, while they sell it and spend the money for whisky, for which "ye gentle savage" has a slight penchant. We passed one wood pile to-day kept by a few squaws, who packed it about six hundred yards on their backs. Bought five cords at four dollars per cord of them. So far they are inferior to the mountain women in looks.

MAY 10. Picked up our hunters, who were both sleepy and hungry, having laid out all night without blankets or food. Only saw one hare, and all missed him—no sign of game.

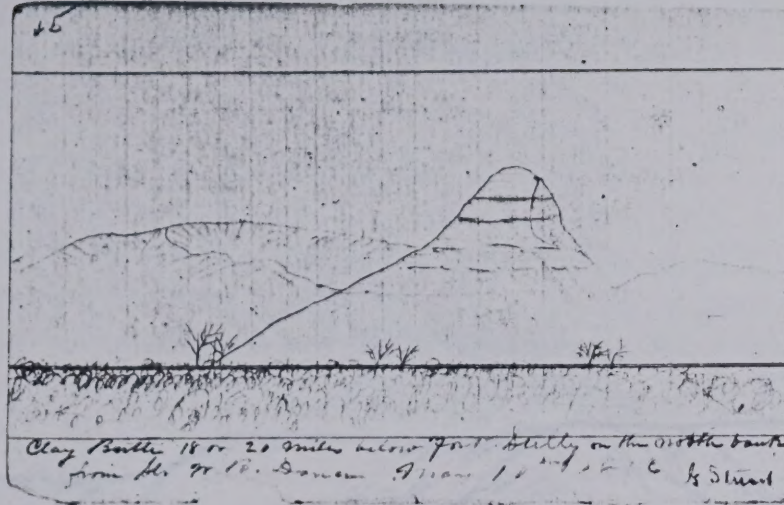
Regular brown clay "bad lands" along here, like those between Fort Bridger and Green river. Timber scarce to-day, there being scarcely any for miles. Passed the first tall, straight-bodied

Usher's Landing, D. T.
 (About 100 miles below
 Ft. Sully.) May 9, 1861
 Looking N. E. from
 Steamer W. B. Dance



Usher's Landing, D. T. (about 100 miles below Ft. Sully.)
 Looking N. E. from Steamer W. B. Dance

Clay Butte, 18 or 20
miles below Fort Sully,
on the North Bank,
May 10.

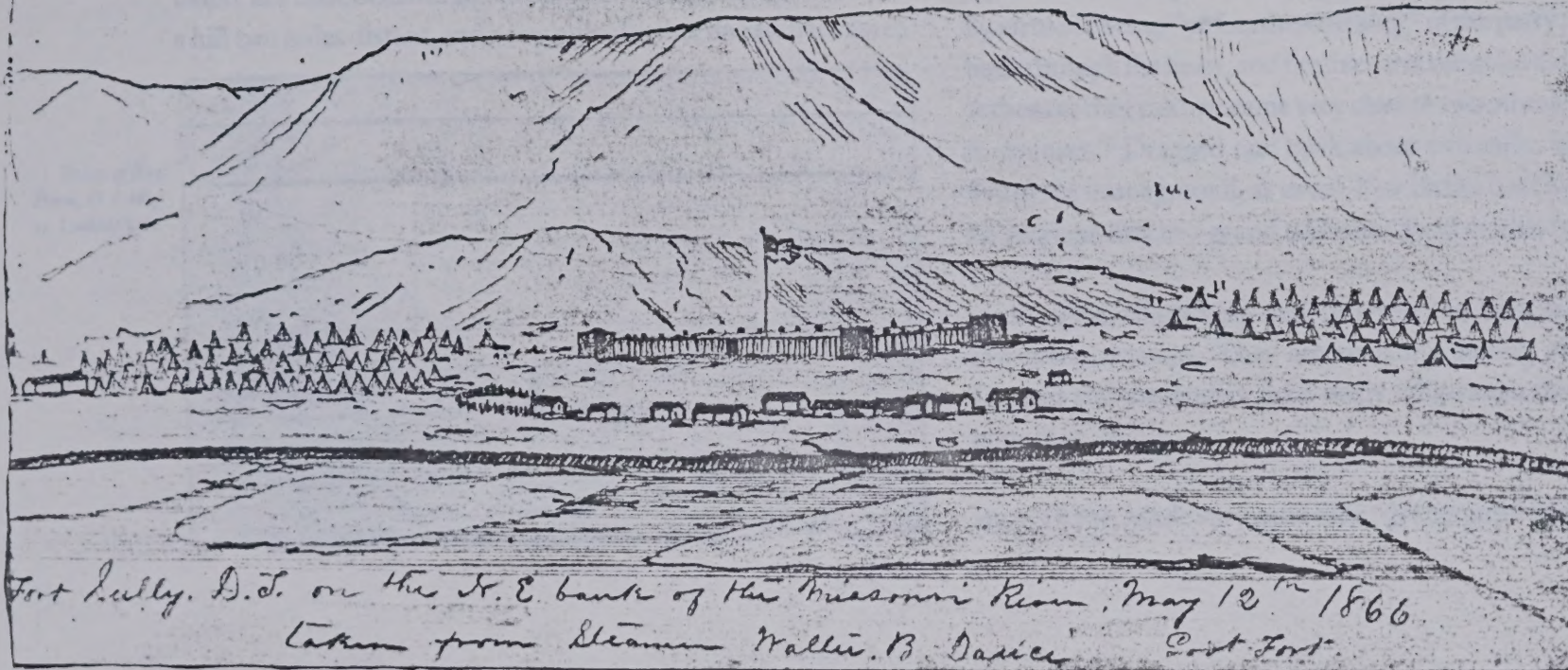


cedars that I have seen, on a small bottom among the cottonwoods, on the south bank, about thirty-eight miles below Fort Sully. I noticed the first boulders on the hills and river banks, just above Fort Randall—since which time they have been getting gradually more plentiful, and now the hills are speckled with them. Passed more wood men who all had Sioux squaws, with plenty of brothers-in-law loafing around. The river has been very bad to-day, full of bars, and the channel twisting about tortuously among them, so that we made but a short distance. River falling slowly.

MAY 11TH. Went about a mile and got stuck on a bar; backed off and spent three hours in trying to find a channel; then the wind rose and blew a hurricane. We dropped down to the side of a small island and laid there all day—horrible wind, and to make it more aggravating, got sight of a boat at Fort Sully, four miles above. Sand flew in showers, in the midst of which I heard sounds that to my unpracticed ear sounded very much like “cussin.” The bad land bluffs on the north side of the river from here to Sully, are literally covered with boulders that look like granite at a distance.

MAY 12TH. Started about 8 o'clock; got across the bar without difficulty; landed a little above Sully, on the opposite side of the river, there being a series of bars in front of the fort, so that boats cannot land. Sent a boat over; no letters. One of our cabin-boys having got “miffed” at something, stopped here to start a barber-shop, he having assisted in some institution of the kind at some period of his existence. About one hundred and fifty lodges of the Sioux camped around Sully; too good for ye boys in blue. Passed the ruins of Fort Pierre; saw eight or ten antelope in the bottom just below; stopped to cut wood in the bend about five miles above Pierre. I ascended the bluff and shot five times at an antelope at from six hundred to one thousand yards;

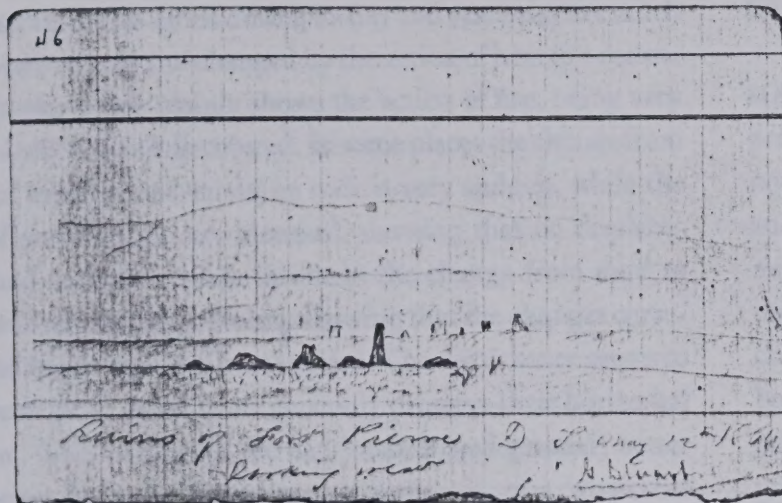
Fort Sully, D. T. on
the N. E. Bank of the
Missouri River. May
12, 1866. Taken from
Steamer Walter B.
Dance. Govt. Fort.



shot all round him, but couldn't hit him. Took a sketch of Sully and ruins of Pierre. River very bad and full of bars. We travel very slow.

MAY 13TH. Got aground as soon as we started, and kept our "lick" up all day; very bad river. While the boat stopped to cut wood, Schimmelsing, Plant and myself went on up the river hunting; kept together, as it is not safe to hunt singly any more, for the Santee Sioux fired on a skiff from Fort Rice a few days before at a little distance above this. Saw three antelope run over a hill two miles distant, and a few miles further on saw five more,

Ruins of Fort
Pierre, D. T. May
12. Looking west.



and was approaching them beautifully when I discovered what we took to be an Indian watching us. As the Big Cheyenne river was just behind him, we were afraid there might be a village on it and a strong party behind the butte; so we backed off towards the river and held a council of war. Finally, concluded to go and have a shot at the antelope, and fight if necessary. When we got quite near, our Indian turned to a rock, which didn't set us back much. Got within two hundred and fifty yards of the antelope while they were feeding, all unconscious that death was hovering around, in the guise of my Maynard rifle. I took the first shot by virtue of being "ye Leatherstocking" of the party; shot an old buck through the heart, and fired several times (as did the others) at them as they ran; we came very close to two others, but "failed to connect." Dragged our buck about two miles to the river; found the boat aground, as usual. Few on the boat had ever seen an antelope before—grand tableaux. Staid on this bar all night.

MAY 14TH. Made very slow progress; on bars half the time; saw many antelope. They are evidently getting plentier. The Captain and passengers fired many long-range shots at them; none hurt visibly.

MAY 15TH. Made very good time; got aground a few times (we

were drawing three and a half feet), but got off without trouble. Saw many antelope; everybody bombarding them; none hurt. Landed late in the evening to cut wood.

MAY 16TH. Only made about thirteen miles, being on bars and wooding all day. Laid all night just above some Indian graves on the east bank; some of the boys went and carried off the hair rings, paint-bags, arrow-case and ornaments from a skeleton on a scaffolding; suppose he died of small-pox?—comforting thought! Saw a horse on the west bank; would have got him, but the boat could not get to shore on that side.

The strata of bad-lands during to-day and yesterday are much disturbed in places and changed by the action of heat to a rotten, shelly stone, which plainly shows the action of fire, being very much blackened and discolored. In some places the change from strata of mud (or bad-lands) to rock is very sudden, while the lines of stratification are identical, showing that no displacement had occurred; while in others the change from mud to stone was very gradual; plainly showing that the changes corresponded to the degree of heat applied. The disturbance seems to have been local, as the strata generally preserve their horizontal position. This portion of the bad-lands is well grassed; better than below Sully. Antelope are very numerous; saw two prairie

chickens, but no sign of any other game. I have only seen one wild turkey on the trip, and that was in Iowa.

River along here a mile wide in places and navigation very difficult. The boulders are disappearing from the hills.

MAY 17TH. River good; made a big run. Saw many bands of antelope to-day; one lot in a favorable situation in the bottom; the captain put me ashore to kill one; killed a doe and wounded another. Country unchanged. Yesterday's remarks will apply to it. We have not seen any game or any sign of any on the right, or northeast bank of the river, for a long distance, while it is plentiful on the other.

MAY 18TH. Made a good run in the forenoon; awful hot; would probably go 100 degrees in the shade; hot winds. In the afternoon tremendous squalls of wind; could not run; river narrow and good. Saw two old buffalo bulls this morning, about two miles off, on the northeast bank; they looked very natural with the glass. No other game seen on that side. Antelope very plenty on the other all day. General character of the country unchanged, boulders rather more plentiful on the hills; timber, which has been rather scarce for a few days, is becoming plentier; splendid grass country all along here. Saw a notice of some kind on a tree

on the left bank, and a new grave above it on the hill; did not land to see what it said; some poor fellow had "handed in his checks" far from friends and home.

MAY 19TH. Made a tolerable run; some wide, bad places in the river; the bottoms are very wide in places, with a dense growth of cottonwood and some ash, box elder and burr oak, the latter being principally found in the ravines and breaks of the bluffs. I have seen many isolated level-topped buttes to-day which all rise about seventy-five feet above the general table land level of the country; showing conclusively that there has been a high

table or plateau reaching north and west that has all been removed by the agency of water, except these buttes. There is considerable sandstone in "situ" and scattered about. The bad lands are changing to this clayey sandstone formation with many granite, gneiss and felspathic boulders scattered all over the country. These rocks must have come from the Rocky Mountains on fields of ice, when these vast mud fields, or "bad-lands," were the bottom of an ocean. Saw many antelope, and about twenty elk on the south side; nothing visible on the north bank. Met two small boats, one from Fort Rice, and one from Fort Benton.

The Blackfeet are getting slightly "on it"; firing on boats, etc. Very hard winter in Montana; many cattle died; freight will be high from Benton to the mines. They report nobody at the mouth of the Muscleshell river. Kercheval City seems to have played out on us, etc. Very strong northwest wind all day; sand flying off the dry bars in showers; hard on eyes; can't look against the wind.

MAY 20TH. Had good river all day. Passed Cannon Ball river; the hills and bluffs in its vicinity consist of perfectly horizontal stratas of sandstone, covered with a good quantity of rich soil, and are well grassed. This sandstone contains very many of those spherical nodules of stone formed by concentric rings called in

Mouth of the Cannon
Ball River, May 20.





Fort Rice, Mo. River. D.T. Looking West. from across the river, taken from the
 Steamer Walter B. Dance, by Granville Stuart, May 20th 1866.
 Government Fort 7, many soldiers at it.

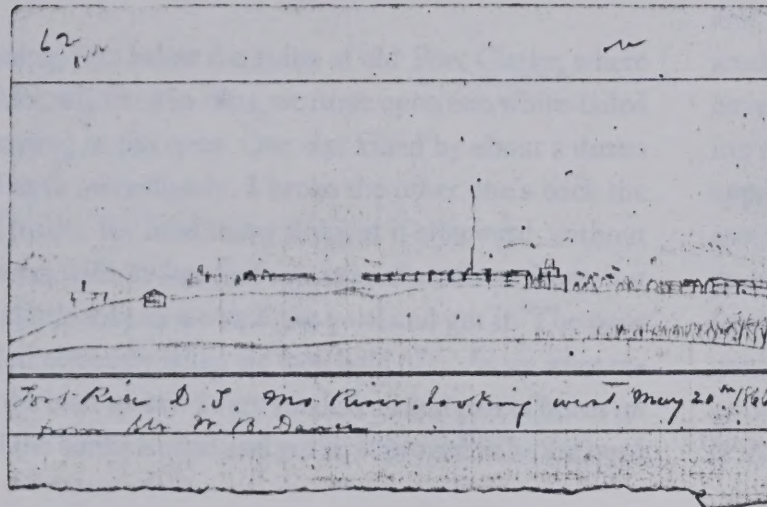
Fort Rice, Mo. River,
 D. T. Looking west
 across the river. Taken
 from the Steamer Walter
 B. Dance by Granville
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 Government Fort 7,
 many soldiers at it.

geology "septaria," which, as the sandstone disintegrates, collects in the streams and ravines and forms a noticeable feature. Hence Lewis and Clarke's expedition in 1804, gave it the name of Cannon Ball river.

Ten miles above Cannon Ball river we passed Fort Rice, which is a collection of log huts built in a hollow square, and facing inwards, with a considerable number of outbuildings, corrals, stables, etc. It stands on a high bank on the west side of the river. There is apparently a regiment or more of soldiers here, and the Yanktonnais band of Sioux, who are at present engaged in the

lucrative business of treaty making. They are a miserable looking set of scoundrels, and will not compare with the mountain Indians. I only saw one very good looking woman among them, and she was a beauty, bet your life. I felt like following her off; and if the rest of the tribe had only been dead, I think I'd have done it. Their horses will not compare in size or appearance with those of the mountain tribes. They are ponies in every sense of the word. Bought fifteen cords of wood of the "soljaws" at Rice, at eight dollars per cord. I don't think they lost anything in that trade. Broken, bad land country, back of Rice. Big beds of coal reported within seven miles of the fort. River very crooked, but narrow and deep. I have observed that the "crookeder" the river is, the better the channel, and the faster the steamers get along; while where it is straight, it is wider, without any well defined channel, and much obstructed with bars, making navigation difficult, except in the time of high water. The *W. B. Dance* has run about eighty-five miles to-day—bully for it, (or him, or her, I don't know which). The bends are all full of timber, mostly cottonwood, and have all been under water during the rise we met below, which has left about ten inches of slime all over them, which makes it desperate getting about. Scattering boulders all over the country. Some "service" bushes along here; saw the first of them about one hundred and fifty miles below Fort Rice;

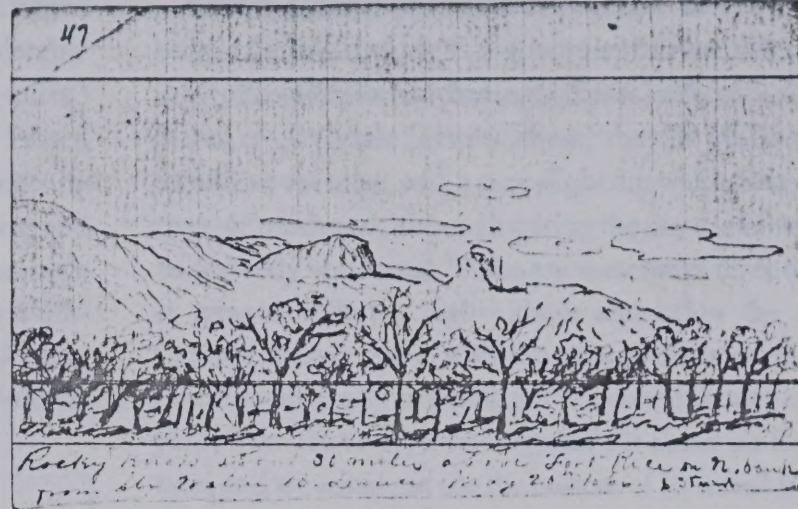
Fort Rice, looking
west, May 20.



they and the plum bushes are in full bloom now, and their odor is delicious. Too good for me, who have a weakness for flowers and sweet smells of all kinds. Saw plenty of antelope on the southwest bank, both above and below Rice; none on the other side. River rising a little.

MAY 21ST. River not very good, there being many wide places and bars; got in sight of two stern-wheel boats about noon, but got on a bar and lost an hour, which we employed rather unprofitably in "cussin," as in such cases made and provided. We then had to wood, so they left us. Great quantity of very large service bushes in the bottoms along the river, all in bloom.

In the evening, just below the ruins of old Fort Clarke, where the expedition wintered in 1804, we came upon two white-tailed deer, swimming in the river. One was killed by about a dozen shots, and sank immediately. I broke the other one's back the first shot I made. We fired many times at it afterward, without effect. It swam with its fore feet a quarter of a mile to shore, but could not climb out; so we took the yawl and got it. The poor thing bawled piteously when we took hold of it. As we were returning to the boat we saw a very small skull and pair of horns on the edge of the bank; landed and got it. It proved to be the head

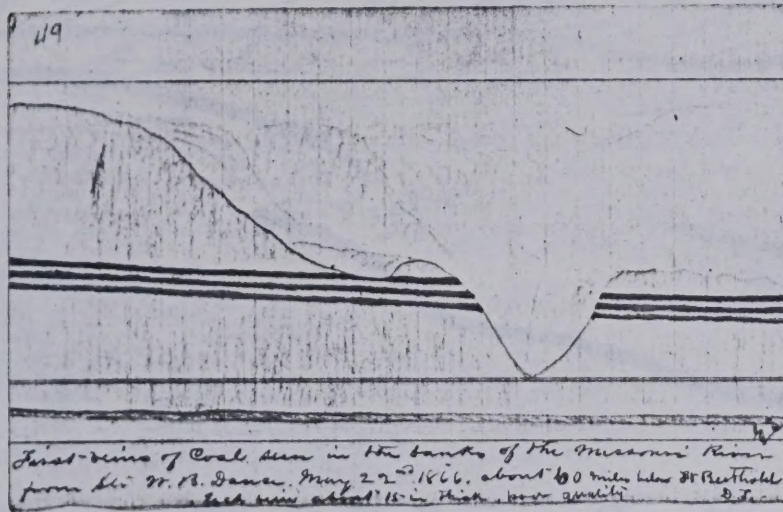


Rocky Knobs, about 30 miles above Fort Rice, on N. bank. May 20.

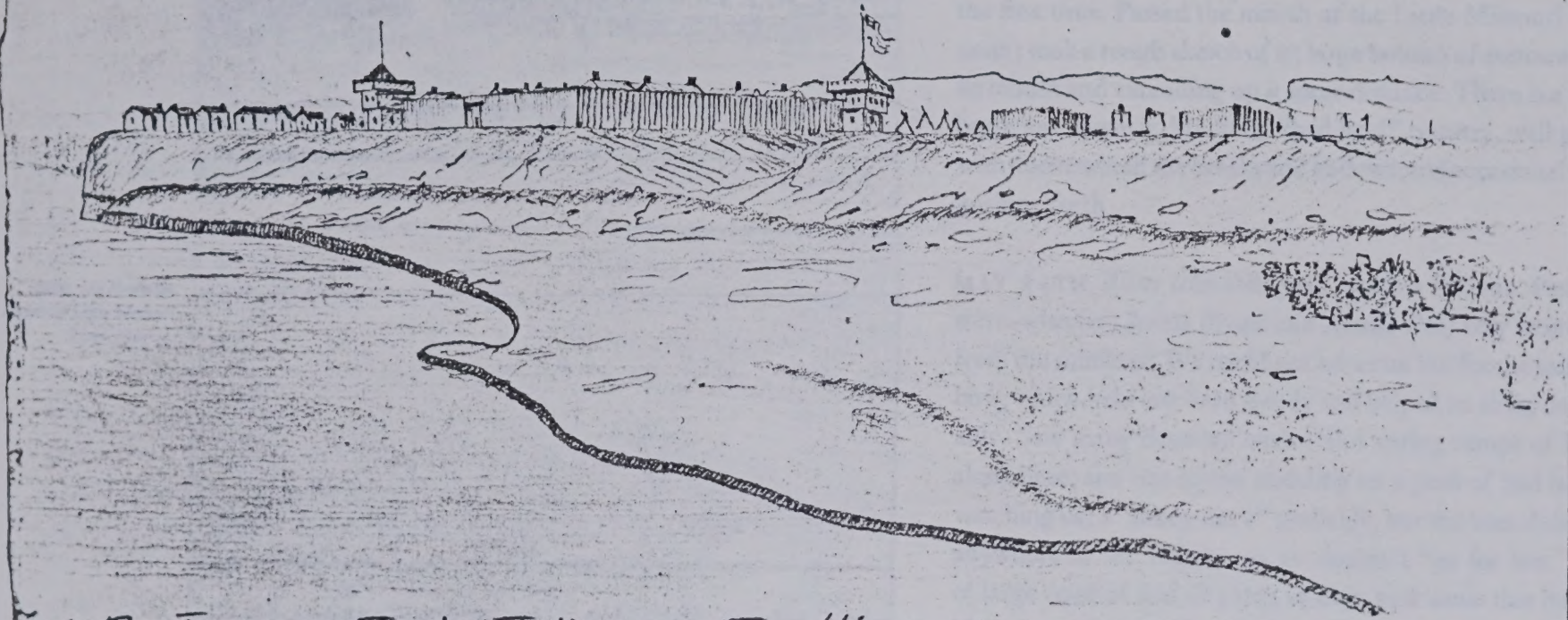
and horns of a three-pronged white-tailed buck, and is the smallest thing of the kind I ever saw or heard of. It certainly must have belonged to a dwarf deer. Timber very scarce and poor during the afternoon run; gently rolling country, well grassed, but apparently of the bad land formation, which is liable to take the ascendant at any moment; considerable quantities of gneiss and granite fragments scattered about over the country—they are foreign. Passed the site of old Fort Clarke after dark, so could not sketch it; saw many immense willow bottoms of very recent growth; very high wind blowing up the river, which made the *W. B. Dance* steer badly; river rising a little.

MAY 22. Very high wind blowing up stream all day; we rigged a foresail on the bow that held her steady, and considerably increased her speed; made a good run, (probably eighty miles,) although we found some bad river, wide and full of bars. Passed the stern-wheelers *Goldfinch* and *Peter Balen*. One passenger by the name of Cannon, of Helena, M. T., left the former boat and got on ours, as he wished to overtake the *Iron City*, having a brother on her. Saw many antelope and two elk on the southwest side of the river, and four large grey wolves. Fired many shots from the boat at them at long range—none hurt. No game on the other bank yet.

First veins of Coal seen
in the banks of the
Missouri River, May
22nd. About 60 miles
below Ft. Berthold. Each
vein about 15 inches
thick, poor quality.



A short distance above old Fort Clarke we saw the first coal beds in the bad land bluffs that border the river. There are three veins of about fifteen inches in thickness each, with about fifteen inches of clay shale between them; they lie about twenty-five feet above the river, with a very slight dip where first seen up the river, or northwest, although during the day the veins seemed to be perfectly horizontal. There are sometimes three or four other veins at different heights above and below the three first. Captain Weaver and I, while hunting as the boat was wooding, found a vein of coal cropping out in a ravine about four hundred yards from the river; it was exposed for about six feet in thickness, and we could not see the bottom of it; tested it and found it to be good cannel coal. During this entire day's run (about eighty miles,) large seams of good coal have been in sight on both sides of the river. There is a vein over twelve inches thick in the bluff on which Fort Berthold stands; saw many places where the coal had burnt out, making very red patches in the bad lands. Passed Fort Berthold just at dark; took a sketch of it. Many Indians residing there; some in cabins, but the greater part of them in dirt lodges like the California "diggers." Very little timber along the river to-day, but several immense bottoms of young willows.

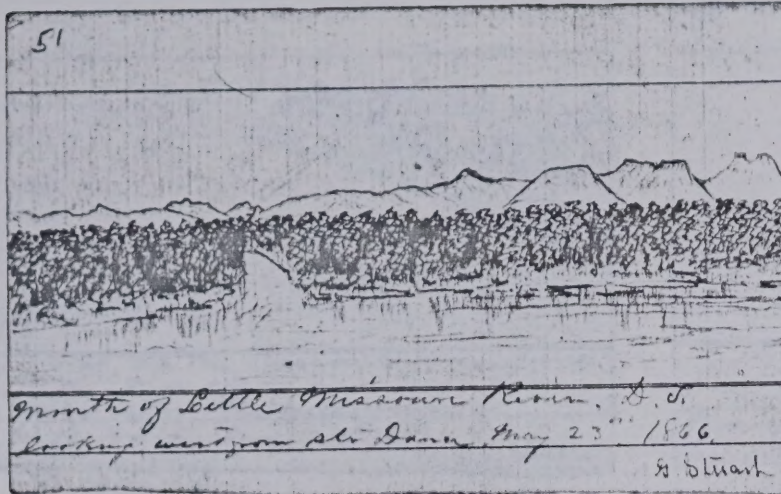


Fort Berthold, on the North Bank of the Missouri, 250 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, May 22nd, 1866. Looking up the River to the N. W. American Fur Co.'s Fort. A few Soldiers stationed at it.

Berthold II

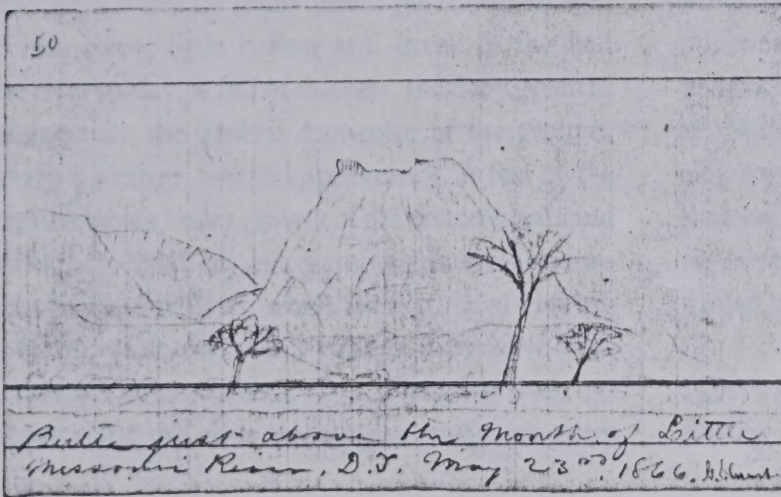
Fort Berthold, on the North Bank of the Missouri, 250 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, May 22nd, 1866. Looking up the River to the N. W. - American Fur Co's Fort; a few Soldiers stationed at it. - A. K. K. K.

Mouth of Little Missouri
River, looking west,
May 23.

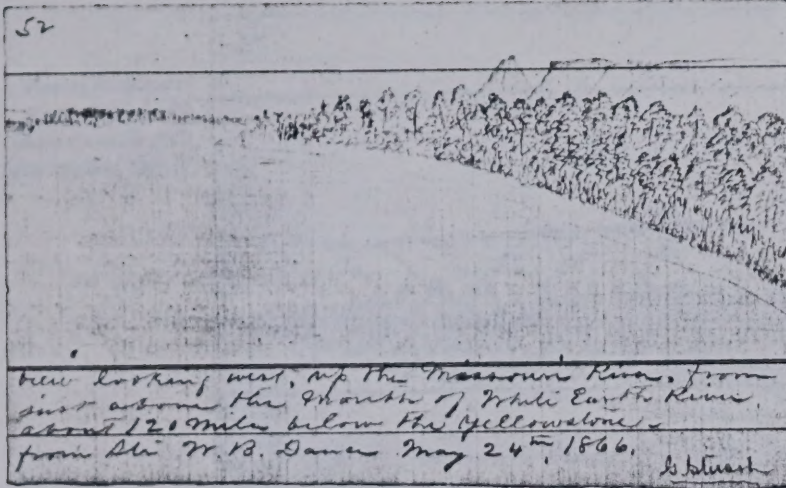


MAY 23. Very high wind from the south; did not make much headway to-day. River rather bad; many wide shallow places. Saw but few antelope and no other game; all on the southern side, as usual. Went ashore while the boat wooded, and took a seven-mile hunt; no game visible. Coal crops out at intervals to-day; saw some strata of washed gravel in the banks to-day for the first time. Passed the mouth of the Little Missouri river at noon; took a rough sketch of it; large bottom of cottonwoods at its mouth and extending up it some distance. There is a notable butte just above it. Modified "bad land" country, well grassed, with thickets in all the breaks and hollows, and occasional springs gushing forth.

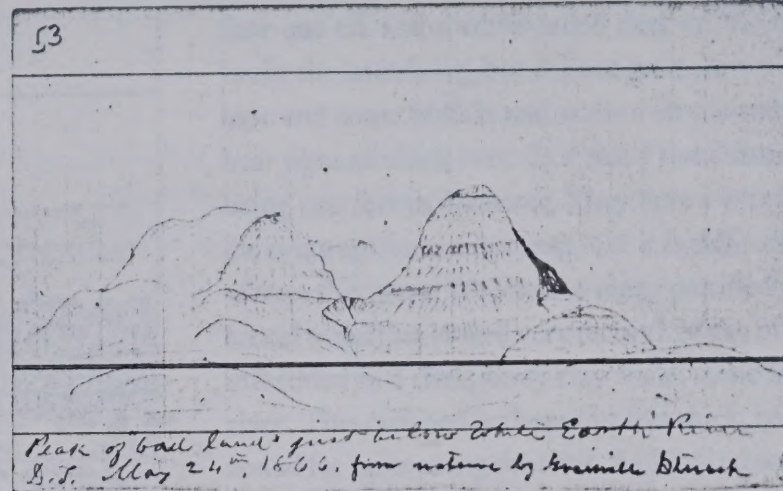
Butte, just above the
Mouth of Little Missouri
River, May 23.



MAY 24TH. River tolerable good; made a fine run. Passed the stern-wheelers *Jennie Brown* and *Amelia Poe*; very strong wind from the southeast. We could not have run but for the sail on our bow, which held our head steady and helped us along considerably. Saw many deserted winter and spring camps of Indians along here; saw one squaw standing on a peak of bad land and watching us; a "decoy duck" probably, but the boat didn't land anywhere in her vicinity, so we couldn't "go for her." Plenty of large veins of coal all along to-day; took some that had tumbled down from a four foot vein, and had been exposed to



the weather and high water for many years, yet it burned well after it dried out. Every little hollow and break in the bad lands along the river to-day, is full of thickets, the deep green of which contrasting with the general dun-color of the ground, gives the country a strange, mottled appearance. A few of the bottoms and points have a heavy growth of old cottonwoods and elms, but most of them have only a very young growth of cottonwoods, and vast fields of willows, which seem to be of very recent formation; I have no doubt but most of them have been made since Lewis & Clarke passed in 1804. There has been but very little timber along the river to-day; saw many red spots



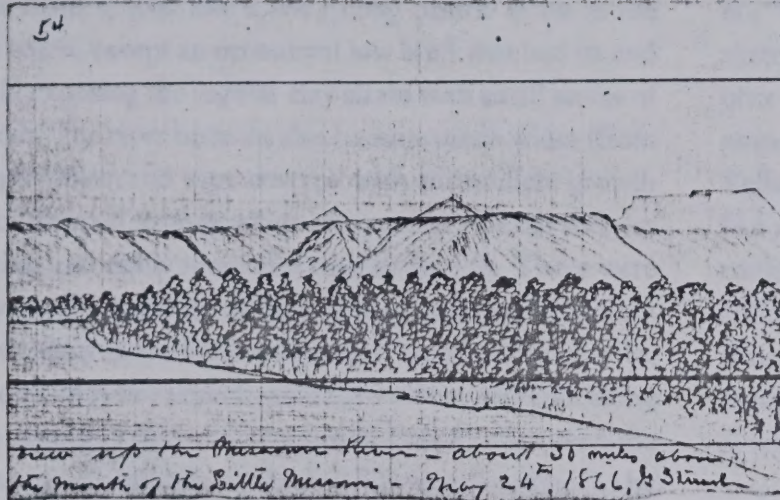
(Left) West, up the Missouri River from just above the mouth of White Earth, May 24.

Peak of "bad lands" just below White Earth River, May 24.

where the coal had burnt out. The mosquitoes were very bad this evening and night, because we laid under the lee of a heavy body of brush and timber on swampy ground. Passed the mouth of White Earth river, late in the evening; took a sketch of a singular point of bad land just opposite White Earth river, and sketched two other desolate views in the bad lands. Plenty of service bushes along here, with some plum and considerable ash timber of small size.

MAY 25TH. Very good river, rising slowly; many green trees floating down. Made a tolerable run, although we wooded too

View up the Missouri
River, about 30 miles
above the mouth of the
Little Missouri, May 24.



much. Met stern-wheeler *Deer Lodge* on her way down from Fort Benton; did not speak to her, because she "kept on the even tenor of her way," and didn't give us a chance; bad land country; many seams of coal, from two to six feet thick. They have been burnt out in many places, making red patches and stripes all along the river. The face of the country back from the river is not much broken, and lays in long swells and table lands, that do not show the bad-land formation very much, being very well grassed. Large bottoms of cottonwood, ash and elm and large bars of willows. River winds from bluff to bluff, being very crooked; but as is usual in such cases, has a very good channel.

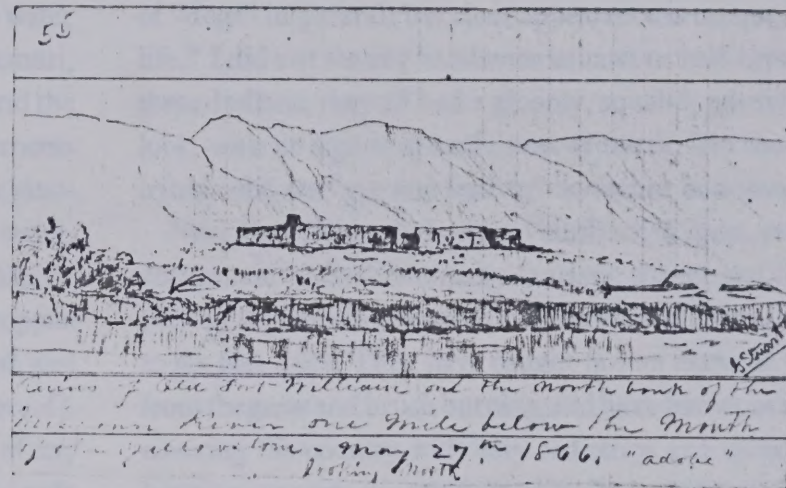
Saw one elk and a white-tailed deer on the north bank; Plant broke the latter's leg, but did not get it; saw two elk, many antelope and some buffalo and wolves on the south side; plenty of bear signs all along here. Saw many fossil stumps, some of them being two feet in diameter. They bore a great resemblance to a decaying cottonwood stump, but it is difficult to tell what kind of trees they were. We also saw many petrified pieces of trees and bits of wood that looked very natural. Many of them may be seen imbedded in a dark, coaly clay shale, some fifty feet above the river. This dirt-bed is about five feet thick, lying perfectly horizontal for miles along the river. As I looked on these relics of old Time's remorseless changes, my mind looked back to those ancient days when this was a smiling forest region, like Ohio or Indiana, and pictured to myself the despair of the dwellers therein as they saw their fair land sink foot by foot beneath the pitiless waters, there to remain for countless ages, till some new convulsion of nature resurrected them once more. There have been many Indians camped all along here in the early spring, but none visible now and no fresh sign.

MAY 26. River rising slowly; many logs and green trees floating down. About noon the bad lands began to decrease in height and assume gently undulating forms, and being well clothed

with grass made it look like a low rolling prairie as far as the eye could reach, except an occasional low bluff that had its end washed off, exposing the regular clay strata with small seams of coal in them. The river bottoms also became much wider (from four to eight miles) and were covered with an excellent growth of large cottonwood, among which are considerable ash and elm of good size, and many more of a smaller growth. There were also many small groves and thickets of the two latter, with plum and choke cherry in the little valleys and "sags" of the prairies. In fact the country has a much more habitable appearance along here than anywhere since we have passed Fort Randall, with the exception of a lack of timber (which is fully compensated for by the great abundance of coal). I consider the country fully equal to Kansas and Nebraska, and it will some day support a very dense population. There are many impenetrable thickets of wil-lows along here; fully as dense as canebrakes in the South. The river winds from one side to the other of the bottoms, being very crooked, and with a good channel, but is very rapid in many of the bends. The wind which has been blowing a gale up the river for many days has "let up" considerably to-day.

MAY 27TH. Passed a large wood yard at 8 o'clock a. m.; did not buy any, when we should have bought at least thirty cords. This

is a "bully boat," but they don't give her a chance. Took a rough sketch of old Fort William, or rather the adobe ruins of what was once a fort, on the north bank, about a mile below the Yellowstone river, and another of the junction of these two streams. The Yellowstone is by all odds the main stream; the Missouri looks like a small tributary coming into it; but judging from what I could see at the point of junction, the Missouri is not so much afflicted with sand bars as its larger brother; but this advantage is counterbalanced by its having a much swifter current. The current of the river for some forty or fifty miles below the forks is very swift; caused in part by the river having broken through



Ruins of Old Fort William and the north bank of the Missouri River, one mile below mouth of the Yellowstone, May 27. Looking north. "Adobe."

the necks of some long bends. The country keeps its gently rolling, grassy, habitable appearance as far as Fort Union, five miles above the Yellowstone river, having very large bottoms of cottonwood, ash and elm, and many very dense willow fields with occasional patches and thickets of elm, ash, choke cherry and service bushes scattered about over the country. There is, so far as I could see, a large valley extending up the Yellowstone, bordered on the south side by bad land bluffs, while the north side has beautiful bottoms that rise into high rolling prairies as they leave the river, being well grassed and with but few outcrops of bad land. Through these bottoms the river winds tortuously, the bends being heavily timbered and bushy. The water of the Yellowstone is a shade lighter in color than the Missouri, but this is probably owing to the latter being on the rise, and the loamy banks falling in very fast. There is a picket fort in process of erection on the small tongue of land immediately at the junction. It is a fine situation, and is above all ordinary high water, altho' the tremendous rise this spring went over it; it almost reached the top of the high bank at Fort Union. We stopped awhile at this fort and got some ice at five cents per pound, and I took a slight sketch of it, (the fort, not the ice, or price thereof). There seemed to be very few white men or employees of any kind about it. It had a sort of "played out" look, and is evidently

on the decline. Well might it exclaim, like Cardinal Woolsey: "Nay, then, farewell; I have touched the highest point of all my greatness, and from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting."

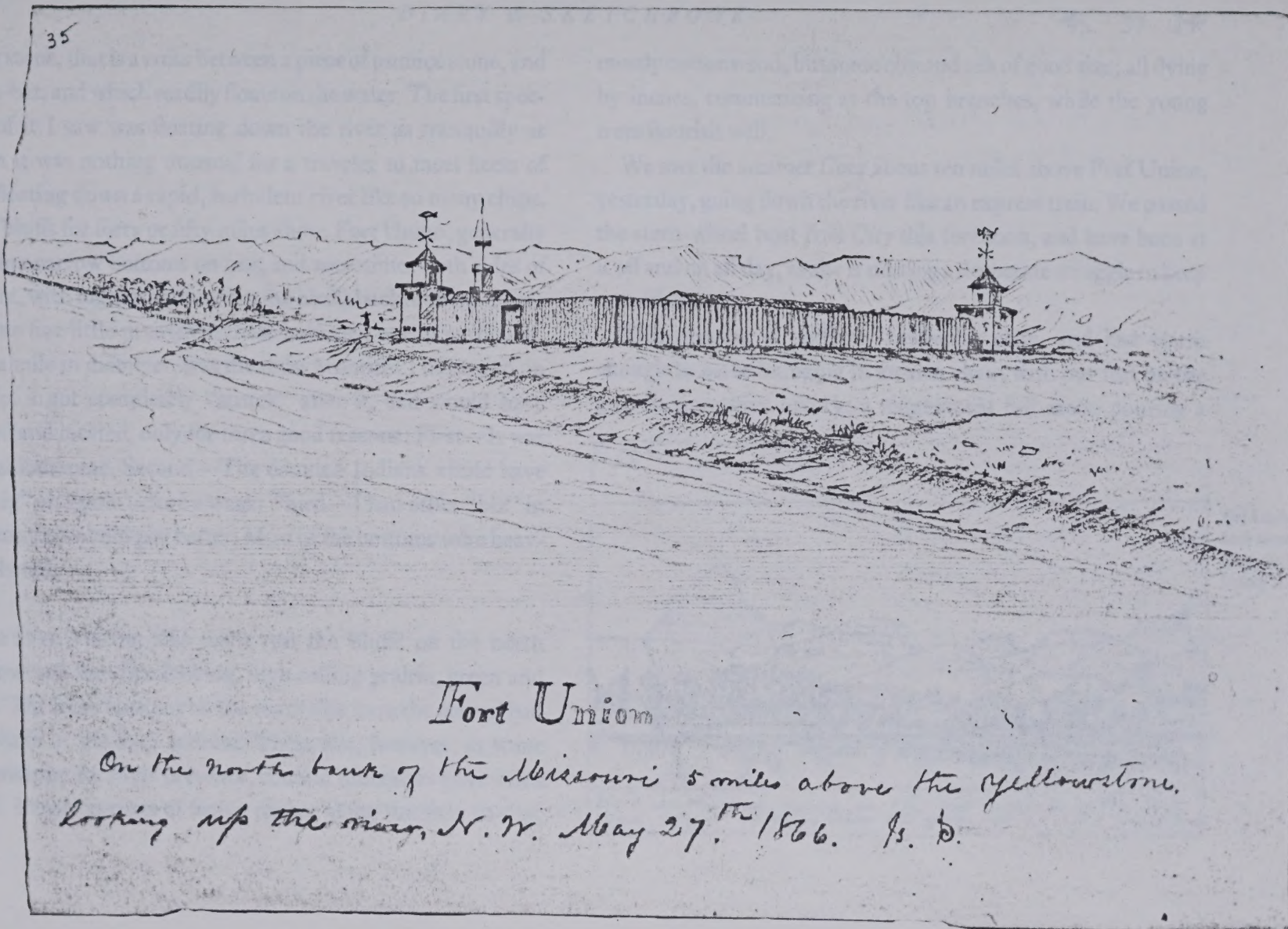
There were twenty or thirty lodges of Assineboine Indians camped back of the fort. They are a miserable looking set of devils, and did not seem to have anything except two horses, any quantity of children and two or three million dogs; and I am satisfied after a close scrutiny of these last, that they are a cross between a big grey wolf, a fox, a polar bear and a Rocky Mountain goat. They seemed to have all the vices and none of the virtues of "dogs" in general; but their appearance is unique, "bet your life." I did not see any handsome squaws or half-breeds among these Indians, they all had a gloomy, squalid, poverty-stricken look, with no sign of cheerfulness or mirth, like the mountain tribes, who are "gay and festive," no matter how poor they are.

Near Fort Union the bad land bluffs set in again, and are very abrupt and broken into many fantastic shapes and forms, displaying during the afternoon run many veins of coal from three to six feet thick. They have caught fire on many of the points from the grass and brush burning, and have burnt out in patches, covering the country with fiery red strips and spots. The coal burning converts the overlying clay into a kind of red, decom-

Junction of the Missouri
& Yellowstone Rivers,
looking up the river
to the West, from
Steamer W. B. Dance.
May 27, 1866.



Fort Union. On the
north bank of the
Missouri, 5 miles above
the Yellowstone,
looking up the river,
N.W. May 27, 1866.



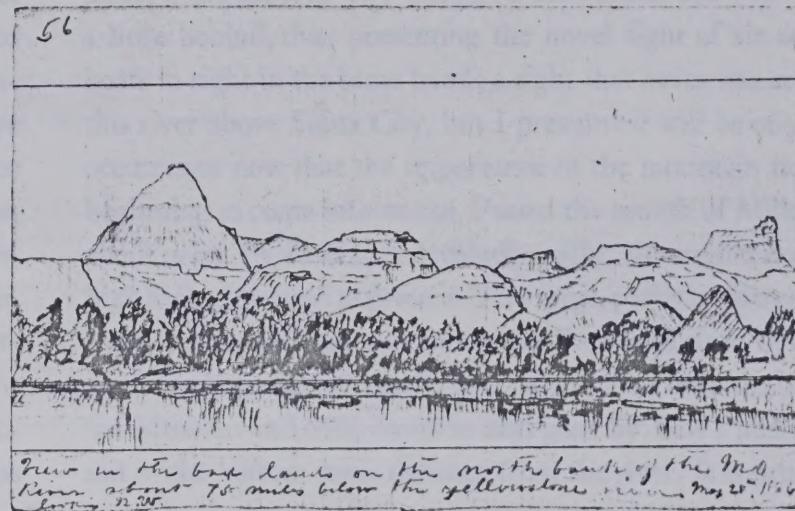
posing stone, that is a cross between a piece of pumice stone, and a brick-bat, and which readily floats on the water. The first specimen of it I saw was floating down the river as tranquilly as though it was nothing unusual for a traveler to meet fleets of rocks floating down a rapid, turbulent river like so many chips. These bluffs for forty or fifty miles above Fort Union, generally leave fine narrow bottoms on one, and sometimes both sides of the river, with big seams of coal in the bluffs back of them. There are some fine little prairies in these bottoms; one in particular, about a mile in diameter, was the most beautiful I have seen on the trip. I got completely "struck" after it, and would have stopped and located, only for three good reasons: First—It was infernal lonesome. Second—The damned Indians would have my "wig" on a pole before a week. Third—I had other "biz" in Montana that would pay better. Most of the bottoms were heavily timbered.

MAY 28TH. During this day's run the bluffs on the north bank lowered into fine looking, high rolling prairie, green and grassy. The large bottoms on the south side have the eternal bad land bluffs in the back ground. These last, however, as some compensation for their presence, contain numerous large veins of coal. Large bottoms of heavy timber along the river to-day,

mostly cottonwood, but some elm and ash of good size; all dying by inches, commencing at the top branches, while the young trees flourish well.

We met the steamer *Cora* about ten miles above Fort Union, yesterday, going down the river like an express train. We passed the stern-wheel boat *Iron City* this forenoon, and have been at it off and on all day, as she is making a desperate struggle to keep up with us.

This evening is perfectly heavenly; calm, and just warm enough to make lounging in an arm chair, with our feet on the guards, a positive luxury; a magnificent full moon pouring a



Bad Lands on the north bank about 75 miles below the Yellowstone, looking N.W.

flood of mellow light upon the placid river and forming gorgeous masses of light and shade far up the shores; verily 'tis an evening fit for the gods. River rising fast, glory be to God.

MAY 29TH. Passed the side-wheel boat *Tacony* in the night and have been at it all day; we have it "nip and tuck" with her and the *Iron City*. That damned *Tacony* left St. Louis twenty days ahead of us, and has been loafing her way along up the river. She should have delivered her freight at Benton ere this, and could have done so had she tried.

Passed the ruins of old Fort Kipp; its history is unknown to me, but if all these old forts could talk, and tell of the hair breadth "'scapes" and wild adventures, and love passages *a la* Romeo and Juliet, or *a la* "Pine Leaf," that have occurred in their vicinity, it would make a book that would "knock the socks off" ye veracious (or rather voracious) Beckwith. Passed a dry stream, or rather the channel of one, of considerable size, on the south side, its course through the prairie being marked by a fringe of cottonwood trees. Saw a band of probably two hundred buffalo on it, about three miles from the river, and a few scattering ones further to the right. This is the first we have seen, except two, below Fort Rice. The bottoms to-day are heavily timbered with cottonwood, with some bunches of ash and elm among them. There has

been a most tremendous rise in the river along here, when the ice was going out. It has crushed all the bark off the trees on many of the points, six and eight feet above the ground.

I was about three-fourths sick all day; had a sort of fever; caught it hunting in the malaria of these muddy bottoms that have been overflowed during this huge rise; they smell very "loud" of decaying matter and my impression is that they would soon give a man "war, famine and pestilence," more particularly the former, the first time the infernal Sioux laid eyes on him.

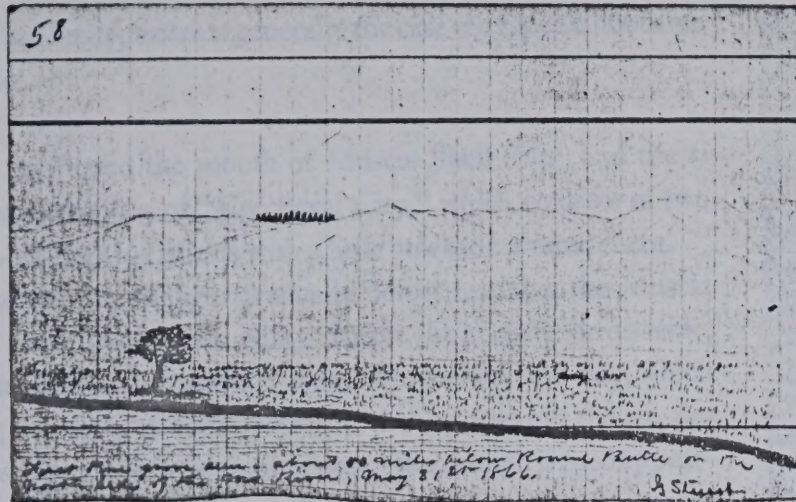
Passed the side-wheel boat *Favorite* and the stern-wheeler *Only Chance*, and met the side-wheeler *Waverly* at the same place, while the *Iron City* was just a little ahead and the *Tacony* a little behind, thus presenting the novel sight of six steamboats in sight in the same bend; a sight that never was seen on this river above Sioux City, but I presume it will be of yearly occurrence now that the importance of the mountain trade is beginning to come into notice. Passed the mouth of Milk river about noon. Its waters are decidedly milky, although it is not so high as the Missouri at present. Very large, partly timbered bottoms, on the north side, about the mouth of Milk river, in which are many large bayous and lagoons, which have been the beds of the Missouri and Milk rivers in days gone by. Saw a picket fort out in the bottom some distance from the river. It is probably

where Jerry Mann staid last winter with his ox train; and when the big ice rise came, it swept over these bottoms to the depth of ten or twelve feet, carrying with it huge masses of ice from two to four feet in thickness, which have left their marks on the trees to bear witness of this terrible inundation as long as they stand. Mann's train of wagons loaded with merchandise, and, I believe, another train also, were corraled on this bottom when the flood came like a thief in the night, and utterly overwhelmed them, destroying both the wagons and their contents, and drowning all the cattle belonging to them. Large numbers of elk, deer and buffalo were also caught in the bottoms and drowned, and when the waters subsided, poisoned the air with their decaying bodies. The men belonging to these trains barely escaped with their lives, having only time to scramble trees, where they were compelled to perch, half naked and nearly frozen, for three days and nights without a morsel of food, until the waters left the bottom. Several of them, while asleep, fell out of the trees and were rescued with great difficulty by their companions from among the floating ice.

Passed Fort Copelin, ten miles above Milk river, where we saw a few white men who had a pretty large wood-yard. There were a dozen or so of Indian lodges around the fort, probably Gros Ventres, but we did not land to ascertain. For ten miles

above Copelin the river is very straight, wide and full of bars, without any channel. This is one of the worst obstacles to the navigation of the river in low water, for it seems that this place is always bad. Near the upper end of this stretch we saw the remains of an old picket fort, known, I believe, as Fort Keiser, a short distance above which we passed a considerable dry fork coming from the south, and a little before sundown passed the mouth of a dry river fully four hundred yards wide, coming from the south. It is probably the one mentioned in Lewis & Clark's expedition, and from its appearance and the direction it comes from, I am inclined to believe that it was once the bed of the Yellowstone river, and which has been diverted to its present channel by some mighty convulsion of nature; although nature don't seem to have gone on many "busts" in this part of the world, for the strata has not been disturbed to any extent. Saw several buffalo on the south bank to-day. The captain took two fair shots at an old bull from the pilot house about one hundred and twenty-five and two hundred yards off, but owing to his being afflicted just then with "ye vexatious tremor," known as "buck ague," he did not touch him "ary time"; and I was rather glad of it, for the miserable old cuss was dead poor and had no hair on him, his skin looking like an ancient rubber boot, and 'twas fearful to think of eating him.

First Pine grove seen,
about 50 miles below
Round Butte, North
side, May 31.



Stopped at night to take on wood about thirty-five miles above Milk river. I think we have seen the last of the *Iron City*, *Tacony*, *Favorite* and *Only Chance*, as we have made a "bully" run to-day and left them a long way behind.

MAY 31ST. Only made about forty-five miles as we were wood-ing for scarce places above. The country has changed to brown clay "bad lands" like below Fort Sully—grass all gone—naked and desolate, and as a natural consequence, we have seen several small bands of buffalo who always seem to love a barren country best; did not get a shot at them. About ten o'clock saw the first

grease-wood on the trip, and the first grove of pine trees; they are on a hill on the north bank several miles from the river. Saw many large patches of scrubby yellow pine on the higher parts of the country during the day, abundance of cottonwood timber in the bends, but the ash and elm have played out, at least I saw none during the afternoon run—river generally very good and rising slowly.

JUNE 1ST. Passed the famous "Round Butte," it is a perfect cone, perched on some broken, rather rocky hills which are how-ever partly covered with bunch grass, and have many yellow pines scattered over them. It is a very prominent object, being visible for a long distance up and down the river. River very good, made a good run—lofty bad lands on both sides. Much weird scenery, many ancient castles and ruins, splendid views. noble bottoms of cottonwood timber in the bends; banks not washing away any more.

Saw many antelope, two elks, and several small bands of buf-falo, that we bombarded from the boat, none killed, although I am sorry to say I hit one old bull in a small tea party who were staring at us about 1,000 yards distant; felt sorry for him and wished I hadn't done it, as I saw him lag behind his companions as they wended their way back among the gorges and "coulies"

of the bad lands; but as is generally the case my repentance came too late.

JUNE 2. Passed the mouth of Muscle Shell river, and the *ci devant* metropolis of "Kercheval City," which consists of two seven-by-nine log cabins with a little stockade around them.

The country changes gradually before reaching the Muscle Shell river, (which is a milky stream about sixty yards wide, coming in from the south) to a dark brown bad land clay, which being in a state of decomposition when exposed to the air, deprives the hills or rather mountains of their rough jagged appearance and gives them a rounded outline, and being partly covered with a scrubby growth of yellow pine and cedar, whose foliage assimilating with the brown soil, gives the landscape a sombre, desolate look, that is much heightened by the total absence of grass. Passed a Crow village of about 80 lodges, on the north bank about thirty miles above Muscle Shell—as I looked at them, and thought of their murderous attack on James Stuart's party on the Big Horn river, in May, 1863, I wanted to train a howitzer, full of grape and canister on them so bad, that I could taste it—they literally covered the bank and tried to get us to land and trade, but we couldn't see it. Beautiful bends of timber all along, many of them running in avenues, as though planted by the hand



Ye famous "Round Butte," 125 miles below Muscle Shell River, looking up the river west, June 1.

KBM
212 K
June 1



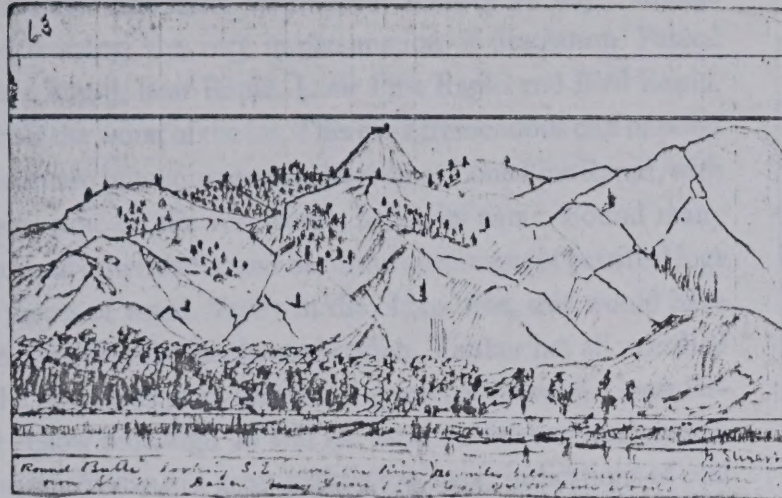
Round Butte, looking west up the Missouri River, June 1.

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June 1

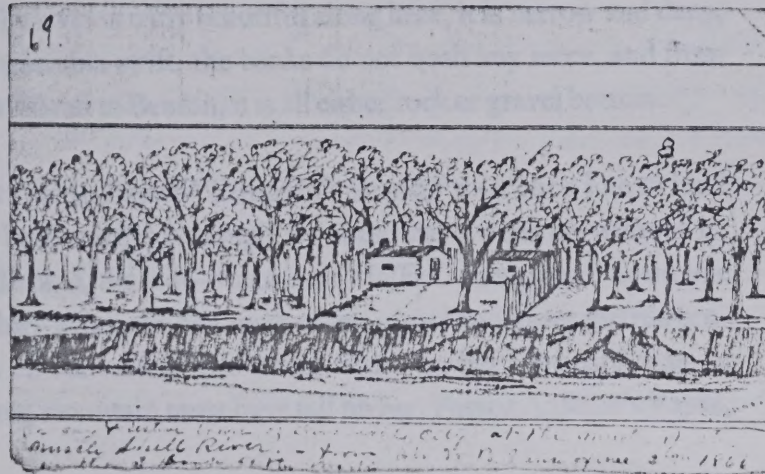
Round Butte, looking
S. E. Yellow pine
woods, June 1.

KBM
212 K

June 1



Ye gay and festive town
of Kercheval City at the
mouth of the Muscle
Shell River from the
W. B. Dance, June 2.



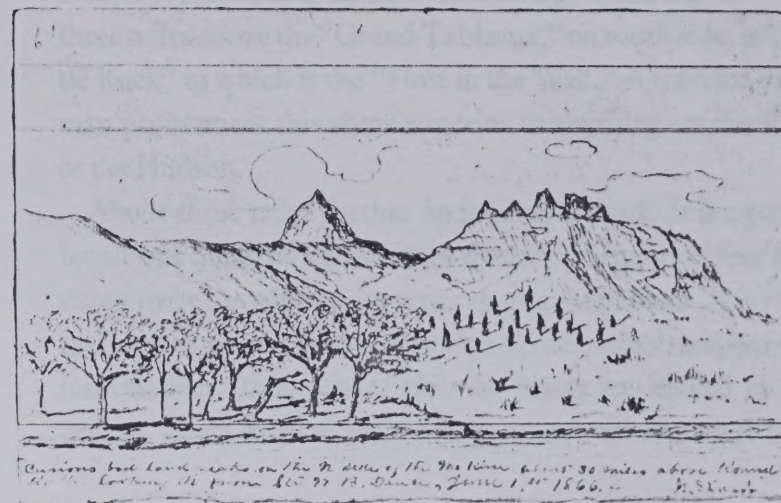
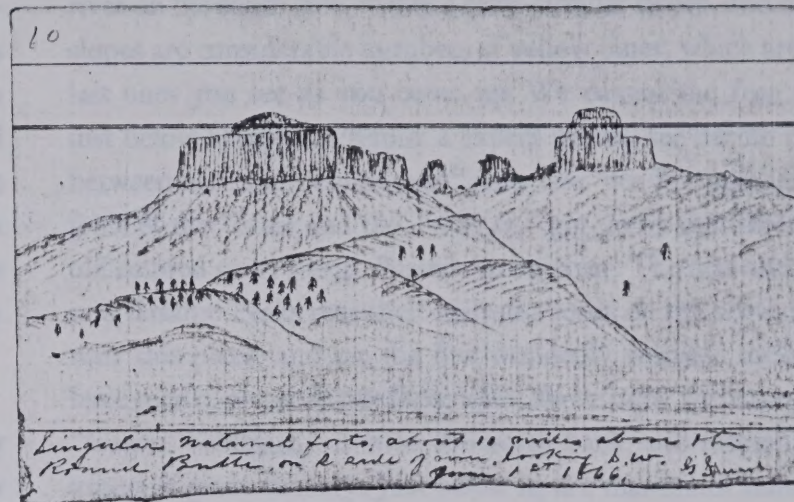
of man. I took several sketches of the fine scenery between Round Butte and Muscle Shell, it may be equalled for picturesque beauty, but never excelled. Splendid river; narrow, deep, and gentle current, rising a little—found a good place to wood in the evening, so staid all night. That damned *Iron City* passed us again, she runs day and night while we run scarcely half the time, and when it comes to wooding, she sends thirty-four men out while we can only raise sixteen.

JUNE 3. Splendid river, rising a little, made a tolerable run, lost much time however wooding for the bare places above—found a few buffalo on Cow Island, landed and went for them—such another scene I never saw, men and buffalo running through the woods in every direction, some shooting, some trying to climb trees, and getting up about two feet from the ground by the time the buffalo passed, some running for the boat for dear life, and falling over logs and brush into the mud. The whole scene beggars description. There was probably five hundred shots fired and only one poor old bull killed and several wounded. I never saw such bad shooting before, I don't think any of them saw their guns when they fired—'tis strange that nobody was killed accidentally, for they were shooting towards each other half the time, but fortunately they were like Chinamen, only hit the tops of the trees.

JUNE 4TH. The most magnificent scenery all day—strange weird country; the very impersonation of desolation. Passed Buffalo Rapid, Bear Rapid, Lone Pine Rapid and Bird Rapid, which is the worst of the lot. There is a tremendous cliff or point of mountain butts square on to the river at Lone Pine Rapid, with a single pine on the very verge, hence its name. Found many oyster and other shells, and beautiful specimens of petrified logs and pieces of wood. Verily in the olden time, this would have been considered an enchanted region. Timber has all vanished on the river, except an occasional green cottonwood. Considerable yellow pine high up and far back, on the bad land mountains, which rise to a great height along here; indications of coal at various points, but no well defined seams.

The river is truly beautiful along here, it is narrow and deep, but tolerable swift, the banks do not wash any more, and from Cow Island to Benton, it is all either rock or gravel bottom.

JUNE 5TH. Passed "Dauphin's Rapid," took out a line to hold the boat steady, although we could have went up without it; while here, the side-wheel boat *Mollie Dozier* passed down like a whirl-wind, she had most of her upper and lower guards broken off forward of the wheel-house on her starboard side—a young mountain must have fell on her. Passed Antoine's Rapid,



Singular natural forts,
about 10 miles above the
Round Butte on south
side of river, looking S.

Curious bad land peak
on the N. side, about
miles above Round
Butte, June 1.

Rondeau's Rapid and Horne's Rapid—none of them are difficult. Just above the last named, are two or three small islands that I named Paradise Islands, they being clothed with a deep green sward, and covered with scattering clumps of beautiful cottonwood trees and bushes, in full leaf, with many rose bushes in full bloom. With the desolate country in the back ground it formed a lovely picture. From here to Judith river, (about nine miles) the country opens out a little along the river into grassy slopes and hills.

JUNE 6TH. Passed Judith river, which is a stream of twenty yards or so in width, coming in on the south side; it has a heavy body of timber on it, while there is very little on the Missouri about the junction. About four miles above Judith river, we came to the "Drowned Man's Rapid," which is the swiftest one on the river, but being narrow and deep, there is no danger in going over it. Had to take out a line and tow her with the "nigger" engine, we were an hour and a half getting over. Had a beautiful view of the highest peak of the "Bear's Paw Mountain," it was in sight over the top of the bad lands to the north, all the way from Judith river to "Drowned Man's Rapid." It is perfectly white with new fallen snow, it has not been so cold for nothing. Just above "Drowned Man's Rapid," the mountain bordering the

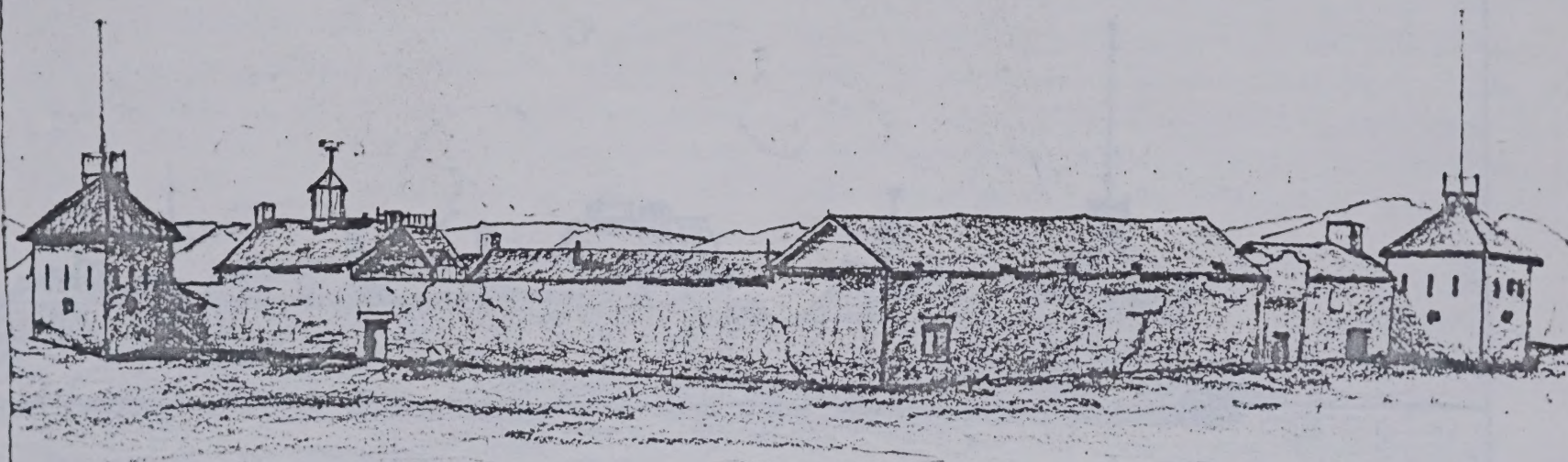
river on the south side, makes a semi-circular sweep, and on its slopes are considerable numbers of yellow pines, which are the last ones you see as you come up. We passed the *Iron City* just below Dauphin's Rapid. I expect we will see her no more between here and Benton, but "*quien sabe*" for I remember the fable of the "Hare and the Tortoise," got up by that facetious old colored sport Æsop. Passed Arrow river. The first and second Basaltic Peaks rear their majestic heads on the north side, near this place, and are the first decidedly volcanic rocks we have seen in place. About three miles above here, we passed the "Grand Tableaux," it is on the north bank, and resembles a group of giant statuary. Just below it, is a mammoth statue of Daniel Webster, addressing an assemblage of old fogies—about three miles above the "Grand Tableaux," on south side, is "Castle Rock" in which is the "Hole in the Wall." A traveled young man pronounces this scene superior to anything on the Rhine or the Hudson.

About three miles further up is Citadel Rock. It is a peak of basalt one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred feet high, rising from the edge of the water on the south bank. It is rough and jagged, and tapers to a very sharp point, which is apparently inaccessible. On its upper side the basalt has cooled in long prisms, which seem to radiate from a common centre, present-

Fort Benton, looking
west (up the river)
from Lookout Hill,
Chouteau Co. Montana,
June 9, 1866.

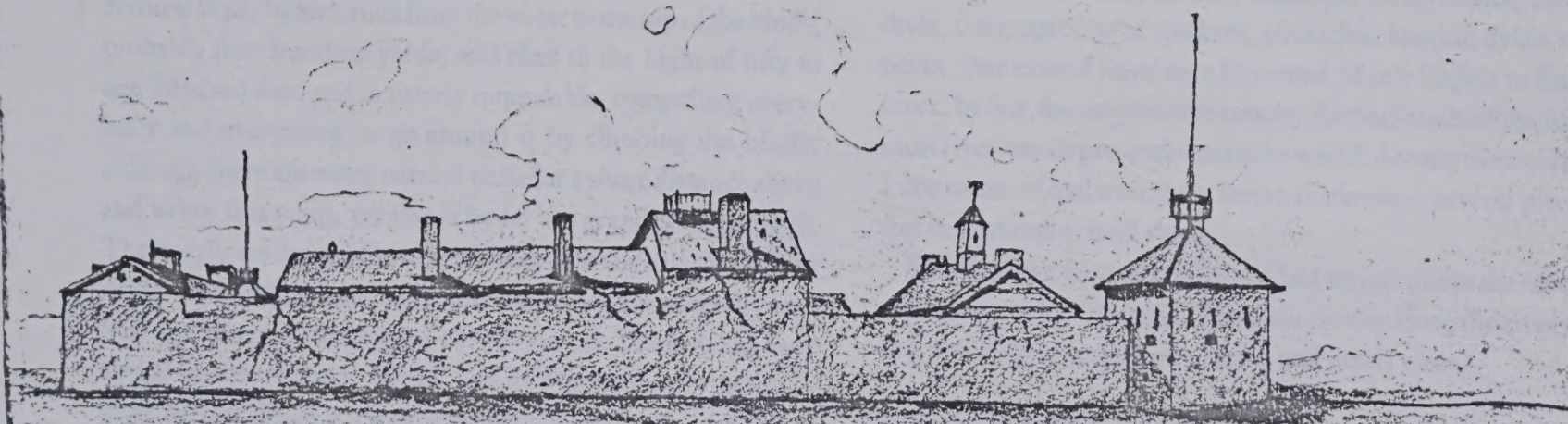


Front view of Fort
Benton, Montana, June
10, 1866. Looking N.E.



Front-view of Fort Benton, Montana. June 10th 1866.
Looking N.E. Sketched by Granville Stuart

Rear view of Fort
Benton, Montana, June
10, 1866. Looking South



Rear view of Fort Benton, Montana. June 10th 1866.
 Sketched by J. M. Smith
 Des Moines

ing an appearance like imperfect segments of arches; it is certainly a very remarkable object. Some three miles above, on the right or north bank, is another basaltic peak, standing at the foot of the hill, about three hundred yards from the river; it is probably one hundred and twenty-five feet high, and bears considerable resemblance to Citadel Rock. Four miles above on the right bank, is a beautiful imitation of a small gothic church of light-colored stone, similar to the stone at Rock Island, Illinois. The appearance is perfect. A few hundred yards above is the "Grand Natural Wall," which runs from the water to the top of the bluffs, probably four hundred yards, and rises to the height of fifty to one hundred feet, and is utterly impassable, compelling everybody and everything to go around it by climbing the bluffs; although there are many natural walls for a short distance above and below this point, yet this is by far the grandest of them all. These walls are dykes of basalt, which cut through the horizontal strata of soft, white sandstone and clay. They are generally vertical and run in all directions, even in curves. These dykes have cooled in square, cubic blocks; and as if to render the delusion more perfect, there is a whitish, decomposed granite substance in the joints that very much resembles mortar. It is almost impossible to believe that they are of Nature's handiwork, and not built by the hands of man. They were observed and described

by Lewis & Clarke's party in 1805, they being the first white men that ever saw the famous bad-lands.

A little further up is a natural fort of large size. It is the same light, creamy-colored stone. This is about the last of the strange sights, as the sandstone formation which causes them runs out just above here, near the mouth of Eagle creek.

I have not mentioned any but the most notable objects of this wondrous region, while there are hundreds of others almost as curious; such as cliffs, statues, sentinels, forts, castles, cathedrals, congregations of quakers, pinnacles, basaltic dykes and peaks, that extend from near Drowned Man's Rapids to Eagle creek. In fact, for magnificent scenery the bad-lands of the Missouri river stands pre-eminent in the world. Among these scenes I saw seams of coal over three feet in thickness in several places, and indications of it all along.

We ran about forty-six miles and laid up just above the mouth of Eagle creek for the night. Very little timber along the river today, and all green; river on a stand, and nearly clear.

JUNE 7TH. The country opens out a short distance above Eagle creek into grassy slopes and rolling hills. Passed Spanish Island at breakfast-time. Here the road to Cow Island leaves the river as you go down.



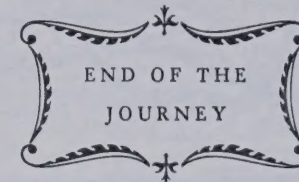
Metropolitan Hotel,
 Fort Benton, Montana,
 June 9, 1866. Drawn
 from nature by
 Granville Stuart.

We laid up for the night about one mile below the mouth of Marias river, having only run about thirty-eight miles to-day; spent nearly half the time gathering logs and dry trees to enable us to run to Benton. It is intensely cold and very cloudy. From Spanish Island to Marias river we had a magnificent view of the Bear's Paw mountains, looking down the river, and of the Belt mountains, looking up. It snowed on them part of the day, giving them a fine appearance, though rather a wintry one for June. There are good indications of coal all along. From Cow Island to Fort Benton there is absolutely no dry wood and very little green; and unless some of the many coal banks in this section are opened next year, it will be almost impossible for any steamers to reach Benton. The large number of boats that have come up this season have used up nearly every stick that could be by any possibility appropriated. Since passing Eagle creek the current is much less rapid.

JUNE 8TH. Passed Marias river just after daybreak. The city of "Ophir" has disappeared and "left no trace behind" except one solitary chimney and the foundation of an adobe house. I think the boats ahead of us have taken the two little log cabins (that constituted the "city" last year) for wood. Thus passed away like a dream of the night the brilliant expectations of N. W. Burris

and many others, who founded this city in the spring of 1865; and who to the number of ten now rest in their bloody graves on the river's brink, having been murdered in May of that year by an overwhelming force of the Blood band of Blackfeet. How long shall their blood cry out of the ground for vengeance against these predatory scoundrels?—probably till their very names are forgotten on earth; for our government, out of regard to the Scriptures—which say "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"—don't intend to interfere in the matter, but let the Lord settle it with the murderers.

At Bluff Rapid, five miles above Marias river, we met the side-wheel boat *Marcella*. Found plenty of cordwood at the bend above the "*Crucon de nez*," (or bridge of nose), as ye gay and festive mountaineers of French persuasion call that little gap where the trail crosses from the Teton river to the Missouri. Took on twenty cords of wood, and go to Fort Benton at four o'clock p.m. found stern wheeler *Big Horn* lying there discharging cargo; and everything lovely and the goose hanging at a great elevation.





Map outline of
Granville Stuart's
Journey to "America"
& Return Trip up
the Missouri River
to Fort Benton,
Montana.

GRANVILLE STUART'S ACCOUNT OF EXPENSES DURING JOURNEY

PAID OUT

Gold Dust for passage to Va. City.	\$ 35.00	Pistol & Cartridges	\$20.00
Board while there	30.00	Books	5.00
Passage to Salt Lake	75.00	Photographs	4.00
11 Days meals to Salt Lake at about 5.00 per day	55.00	Teeth filled & cleaned	17.00
Passage to Atchison in Currency	300.00	Teeth for Mother	20.00
15 days board at 5.00	75.00	Books	5.00
1 Pair Overshoes (S. L.)	12.00	Books	5.00
Hat at Atchison	6.00	Chess Men	3.00
Board & Passage to St. Louis	20.00	Books & jewelry	4.00
Board &c in St. Louis	40.00	Overcoat for Ruse	85.00
Clothing in St. Louis	116.00	Col'd Photographs	9.00
Watch in St. Louis	200.00	Toys	3.75
Fare to West Liberty	17.00	Slippers	1.75
Board to West Liberty	5.00	Gun Cover	3.00
Presents to Mother & others	50.00	Board	69.40
Provisions & wood	20.00	Books	8.00
Incidental Expenses	20.00	Silk U Shirts &c	16.50
Uncle B	15.00	Board	17.50
Paid Grandmother	175.00	1 Pr Army Pistols & 400 cartd	39.00
Trav. Exp. of Self & bro to Chicago	25.00	Repairing Pistol Holster	.50
Trav. Exp. of Self & bro to St. Louis	30.00	Carriage Hire	1.00
For Gold Ring for Sam	12.00	Postage Stamps & Paper	2.00
Earrings &c for Awboniy [Aubony] *	5.00	Lead & Cartridges	4.75
		Postage Stamps	1.00

* Stuart's Shoshone wife, who bore him nine children.

(66
51
St. W. B. Dance Apr 21
Granville Stuart
State Room No 10
3 white Shirts
1 knit-Under-shirt
1 " 12 Drawers
4 white Pocket-Hd Kys
2 Poo woolen socks
Return tomorrow
Red all night

Powder	\$ 1.00	Laundry List
Slippers	2.50	made out by
Bristol Board &c	2.00	Stuart
Pd charges on Button box	23.00	
Oranges & Candy at Sioux City	2.00	
Periodicals &c	1.25	
Loaned A. O. Granger	20.00	
Amt. used by W. B. Dance	24.00	
Washing on W. B. Dance	1.00	
Blackening boots &c	1.00	
Blackening boots &c	.75	
Washing	1.75	
Pair Boots of Capt.	10.00	
1 Case Con Milk of Steward	24.00	

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE TEXT printed here was originally published as *A Sketch of a Trip to "America" in 1866, and Return Trip up the Missouri River, to Fort Benton, Montana* (*Montana Post*, Virginia City, January 5, 12, 19, & 26, 1867). Granville Stuart's title indicates that, in spite of his years in Montana, he still considered Montana as a place other than the "America" to which he made his long journey. In Montana he must have been successful as a miner and merchant as his expense accounts show he was able to spend money freely.

Stuart kept several pocket notebooks and his published account was based in part on memory and in part on a day to day diary now in the Yale University Library. Like most travelers he found shipboard more conducive to diary writing than while on land.

The *Sketch* just misses, by reason of date, being eligible for entry in *The Plains and the Rockies* of Charles Camp and Henry Wagner. However, if Wagner-Camp is continued for later dates, this narrative will be one of the bright spots. Stuart's other published writings include *Montana As It Is* (1865), the text to Charles Russell's first book, *Studies of Western Life* (1890) and *Forty Years on the Frontier* (1925).

In this latter title some of Stuart's sketches are reproduced in reduced form. However, the present book is the first publication combining the text and sketches, nearly a century after the trip described and pictured. The views reproduced here were no doubt in the possession of the author-artist from 1866 to his death in 1918. Mrs. Granville Stuart sold his sketches to Charles Kessler, an enthusiastic Montana collector of printed and manuscript materials relating to the West. The Kessler collection attained considerable bulk. An important selection was sold to William Andrews Clark, Jr. in 1928. Several years later the Kesslers then living in Los Angeles were, like many other Americans of the period, in financial difficulty. Mrs. Charles Kessler, unknown to her husband, sold much of the collection to two Los Angeles booksellers, Fred Lofland and my father, Ernest Dawson. The Stuart Sketches of 1866 and other items were sold to Robert Ernest Cowan for

the Clark Library. When Charles Kessler learned what had happened he was much distressed and finally threatened suit to recover the more important items, claiming that they were his separate property. Mr. Cowan, on instructions from Mr. Clark, reluctantly returned the sketches and other choice items and the complicated matter was settled out of court.

Charles Kessler took his prize items back to Helena, Montana, to a room in the Placer Hotel and continued collecting. At his death there was a vast accumulation of correspondence, newspapers, magazines, books, pamphlets and business records stored in the historic Kessler Brewery in Helena.

In 1959 Nick Kessler, himself a third generation Montanan, commissioned me to go to Helena to select items from his father's library. I had a glorious sorting job. Most of the bulk was given to the Historical Society of Montana but I packed 140 beer cartons to be sent back to Nick Kessler in Los Angeles. In the debris of brewery records and geological reports, I rediscovered the Stuart sketches and some Stuart manuscripts.

Stuart made the large sketches in a book 10¼ by 7 inches and smaller ones in a little leather-bound notebook of various memoranda, business accounts, itineraries and lists. Included is a notation to secure "1 Sett Crayons & Pencils, 1 Sett water colors & brushes, 1 Sketch Book & Drawing Portfolio, 1 lot Drawing Paper."

It was Miss Virginia Walton who brought to my attention that the sketches fitted in with the text perfectly and would make an important book. Some Stuart sketches and water colors, not reproduced here, are in the collections of the Montana Historical Society, Carl Dentzel, Everett Graff and Dick Flood.

The sketches and expense account reproduced here are (with one exception) the property of Christine Kessler and it is with her permission and co-operation that this book appears in its present form.

This edition is affectionately dedicated to the late Nick Kessler and to his wife, Christine, who have allowed me to share in many wonderful book adventures.

GLEN DAWSON



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